

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;
A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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THE CRITIC.

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The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will

be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

TO OUR READERS.

WE have received but one solitary objector to the plan suggested last month for the more frequent publication of THE CRITIC at a lower price; on the other hand, a multitude of correspondents have expressed their satisfaction at the prospect of a more speedy circulation of the information which it is the purpose of THE CRITIC to supply. Among the best judges of such matters, the booksellers, there are not two opinions as to the propriety, nay, the necessity, of the proposed alteration, if THE CRITIC is to take the place to which they consider it entitled. If, therefore, the necessary arrangements can be completed in time, the next number of THE CRITIC will appear on the 15th instant, and it will be regularly continued on the 1st and 15th days of every month, at the reduced price of Sixpence per number, or Sevenpence stamped, or six shillings for the half-year. Should we be able to accomplish it, our readers will receive their next number on the 15th inst. If otherwise, it will not reach them till the same period as heretofore, namely, the 1st day of next month. The steadily increasing circulation of THE CRITIC gives the best assurance of its permanency, but will our present readers hasten its progress by making it known to their friends, with such recommendations as, in their judgments, it may deserve. This is the only form of advertising we are inclined to adopt, as we should prefer its making its way purely by its own merits to a temporary popularity to be obtained by the usual arts of puffing. The Prospectus and List of Subscribers is in the press, and will aid the endeavours of those who may seek thus to serve us.

It is with pleasure we announce the completion of an arrangement which will enable us to give a greatly increased value and interest to THE CRITIC in its character of Guide to the Library and the Book Club. The classified list of new books published in England which we have presented monthly to our readers has



proved a most attractive feature of THE CRITIC. In pursuance of the same design, we now propose to present, fortnightly or monthly, as may be found most convenient, a similarly classified list of new foreign books, with which Mr. Nutt, the eminent foreign bookseller, has kindly engaged regularly to furnish our columns.

As increased support shall increase our means, we purpose to make THE CRITIC a record of Foreign, as well as of English, Literature and Art, so that it may serve the purpose both of a Foreign and Domestic Review. By devoting all its columns to the objects indicated by its title, instead of occupying half of them, as do its contemporaries, with miscellaneous matters, we shall be able to keep pace with all that is worthy of notice sent forth by the press, at home and abroad.

Need we add that suggestions of improvements will be received with gratitude from any quarter, and have mature consideration?

LITERATURE.

Summary.

It is agreed on all hands that the present is the dulllest and most barren publishing season within the memories of the booksellers. Few works have made their appearance, and those few are of inferior quality. This number of THE CRITIC is a fair specimen of the condition of authorcraft just now. Of great and enduring works, how brief the record! The throng is composed of works of ephemeral nature; flimsy novels, the note-books of travellers, some trashy rhymes dubbed with the honourable title of poetry, and republications of works once famous, and epitomes of knowledge and learning made popular. These are bad symptoms; nor can the causes be satisfactorily traced. The booksellers attribute the dullness of their trade to the Income Tax, which, they say, has compelled the reading class to curtail expenditure, and books, being a luxury more easily dispensed with than carriages, horses, or cooks, have been the first victims of the compulsory economy. There may be some truth in this; but it is only partially true. The Income Tax may have increased the dullness of the demand for new books, but it certainly did not produce it, for it had been growing years before, and each successive season had witnessed a steady decline both in the quality and quantity of publication of new books. We must, therefore, look further back for the sources of the evil so bitterly complained of, and we suspect it will be found to lie in the dearth of authors, using that term in its strict sense as meaning creators of books, not mere compilers and copyists, working with scissors and paste. Let a real author make his appearance, and there never was a time when he would have been more welcomed than now; we do not know of one who has not enjoyed his guerdon. But the highways of literature are choked up with pretenders—mountebanks, who mistake imitation for genius, and imagine that if they can construct well-balanced periods, they may dispense with thoughts. The busy world is tempted, by paid puffs in the newspapers, to buy or borrow the flash notes so palmed upon them as genuine; the cheat is discovered; a distaste for books is instilled into the minds of the persons so tricked, and they are slow thereafter to believe in the presence of true genius. Thus the effect of the puffing system is to foster mediocrity, to repress talent, to spread a distaste for books, to bring discredit upon publishers, and ultimately to react in ruin even upon those who employ it. It is the duty of the entire press to denounce the practice, and, above all, to refuse to lend themselves to it, rejecting puff paragraphs from whomsoever coming. It is in the power of the press thus to extinguish the system, and that power it ought to exercise with stern impartiality.

The work of most novelty is the translation of the *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*, from the Icelandic of Snorro Starleson, by Samuel Laing, with a long introductory dissertation. There is as little of promise to announce as of performance. In the historical department there are only additions to materials for future historians. The most important is the proposed translation of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, by the distinguished Irish Archaeological scholar, Mr. O'Donovan. The native Irish were always famed for their love of historical literature, and there were many family annalists supported in affluence, solely to enable them to pursue this study. The last of these were the O'Clerys, who, under the patronage of Fergal O'Gara, completed, in 1636, the work known under the name of the *Four Masters*. It is a compilation from the native annalists, from 1172 to 1616: thus forming a continuation to what the munificence of the late Duke of Buckingham gave to the world under the title of *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*. This publication will be most opportune, and, as throwing great light upon the character of the native Irish, and affording a new insight into the habits of thought and feeling of that curious people, it will attract the attention of the philosophic legislator and statesman at home, as well as of men of learning throughout the republic of letters. It will be published by Messrs. Hodges and Smith, of Dublin, in Irish and English, and will be put to press as soon as two hundred copies are subscribed for. Messrs. Rivingtons announce the publication of the *Collected Correspondence of Edmund Burke*.

In lighter literature, we hear of *Memoirs of Beau Brummell*, edited by Captain Jesse; a novel entitled *The Man without a Profession*, by the author of *Tales of the Colonies*, reviewed in our first number; and another by Mr. J. Mills, of Sporting fame, under the name of *The Englishman's Fireside*. Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Translations of the Minor Poems of Schiller*, a portion of which attracted so much admiration in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is the only other announcement of interest.

HISTORY.

The History of the British Empire in India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. Vol. II. Allen and Co.

THE second volume of this very valuable work will now claim our attention. The general merits of the history were reviewed in our last.

It commences with the year 1766, and extends over twenty-two years, closing with the events of '98. The successes of the Company had attracted to them the notice, not only of their own countrymen, but of Europe. Extravagant fancies floated through the public mind of the vast wealth that would accrue to those by whom the conquest of such mighty territories had been achieved. The shareholders deemed themselves entitled to much greater profits than had yet been divided among them. Meetings were held, and angry discussions took place, and resolutions were carried in the face of the Directors for extending the dividend from five to ten per cent. The Cabinet and the Parliament seemed to think that the time was come for making a better bargain with the prosperous Company, and the renewal of the charter being necessary, terms were imposed, to which the Directors were compelled to assent. The Crown was to be admitted to a share of the profits; the dividends were limited, and an agreement was made for a few years lease of power. The ministry, however, were not honest in the matter, for they secretly granted to Sir John Lindsay a royal commission with enlarged privileges; the Directors remonstrated, and Sir Robert Harland was appointed his successor. His administration was unpromising; disputes arose between him and the Madras government, and he threw up his office in disgust. Changes followed with dramatic rapidity till the appearance upon the scene of Warren Hastings, who for so many years filled so large a space in the history of India. At home the subject continued to occupy the attention of the Cabinet. A

plan was framed for a new constitution of the government, which was angrily opposed by the proprietors, but finally passed with some modifications. It is thus described:—

"The Company had been occupied in preparing a plan for the improvement of the administration of justice in Bengal. This task, too, was seized by the minister. The question of territorial right he expressed himself unwilling to agitate; but a series of resolutions, proposed in the House of Commons by General Burgoyne, chairman of the select committee, were carried, the first of which declared 'that all acquisitions made under the influence of military force, or by treaty with foreign princes, do of right belong to the state.'* The views of the ministry were finally embodied in a Bill presented to Parliament. By this Bill the government of Bengal was to be vested in a governor-general and four councillors, and to this authority the other presidencies were placed in subordination. A supreme court of judicature was to be established at Calcutta, to consist of a chief justice and three puisne judges, who were to be nominated by the Crown, but paid by the Company. The first governor-general and members of a council for Bengal were to be named in the Act—they were to hold office for five years, and during that period to be irremovable, except by the Crown, on representation of the Court of Directors. Vacancies were to be supplied by the court subject to the approbation of the Crown. Other provisions affecting the constitution of the Company and the rights of proprietors were introduced. Every proprietor of 500*l.* stock had one vote in all proceedings of the Company, and no amount of stock entitled the holder to more. It was now proposed to raise the qualification for voting to 1,000*l.* and to give to holders of larger sums a plurality of votes; 3,000*l.* was to entitle the possessor to two votes—6,000*l.* to three—and 10,000*l.* to four."

"Besides the provisions already noticed, the Act contained many others of greater or less importance. Among them was one requiring twelve months' possession of stock, instead of six, as a qualification for voting in general courts. By another, it was enacted that the directors should be elected for four years in place of one, and that one-fourth part of the entire number should be renewed annually. It also provided, that all the company's correspondence relating to civil and military affairs, the government of the country, or the administration of the revenues, should be laid before one of his Majesty's secretaries of state. The receipt of presents by servants, either of the Crown or the Company, was prohibited; and the governor-general, councillors, and judges, were restrained from entering into trade, or deriving profit from it."

With this Act commences a new era in the history of the Company. Warren Hastings was placed at the head of the new government.

But he found many jealous rivals, who tracked every step with the keenness of intense hatred. His doings were severely scrutinized, his personal integrity was questioned, he was openly charged with extortion, and with pocketing cash that should have gone to the Company. The disputes and discussions arising out of these charges are minutely narrated by Mr. THORNTON, but they are necessarily too complicated even to be outlined in our columns. We must refer the reader to the volume for the particulars. The ninth chapter is almost entirely devoted to these transactions, ending with the duel between Francis and Hastings, in which the former was wounded. The quarrel between the Government and the Supreme Court is peculiarly interesting.

We now plunge again into the annals of war and conquest. It may be accident, but certainly it looks very like design, that throughout our Indian history, whenever a territory is deemed to be a de-

* "The immediate and professed object of this resolution was not the determination of the respective claims of the Company and the state—it was the first of three, based on the report of the committee, and intended primarily to apply to the conduct of Clive and others, who benefited irregularly by their connection with the government of Bengal. The second and third resolutions were, '2nd. That to appropriate acquisitions so made to the private emolument of persons intrusted with any civil or military power of the state is illegal. 3rd. That very great sums of money and other valuable property have been acquired in Bengal from princes and others of that country by persons intrusted with the military and civil powers of the state, which sums of money and other valuable property have been appropriated to the private use of such persons. On a subsequent day, a resolution declaring that Lord Clive had obtained money to the amount of 234,000*l.* was moved and carried. It was proposed to follow this resolution by another of a condemnatory character, but the previous question was moved and carried; after which, the friends of Lord Clive succeeded in carrying a resolution, declaring 'that Robert Lord Clive did, at the same time, render great and meritorious services to the country.' Though Clive was thus relieved from all apprehension of penal visitation or pecuniary loss, the excitement of the inquiry, and the obloquy to which it exposed him, probably affected his mind. He died by his own hand a few months afterwards."

sirable one, whether for the purpose of plunder, or of mere aggrandizement, the native rulers were sure so to behave themselves as to compel us, in pure self-defence, as it was alleged, to reduce them to obedience and take possession of their provinces and their treasures. It was not long before Hastings was involved in war on every side, and success seemed to attend his plans, spite of the difficulties that threatened him through the disaffections and quarrels of the local councils. At Madras, for instance, Lord Pigot ordered the Commander-in-Chief, Sir R. Fletcher, into arrest, and was himself arrested by a counter order, and shortly after died from the effects of anxiety and harass. These events made a great sensation at home; some defending, others arraigning the conduct of Lord Pigot.

"The friends of Lord Pigot successfully resisted the passing of a resolution, declaring the exclusion of Messrs. Stratton and Brooke from council arbitrary and unconstitutional; and they carried two other resolutions, condemnatory of the violence offered to his lordship, and of the suspension of those members of council who supported him. On the other hand, the enemies of the unfortunate governor proposed and carried a resolution condemning the conduct of Lord Pigot in receiving certain presents from the Nabob of Arcot. This act of the governor was clearly contrary to law, and is incapable of defence. The presents were, indeed, of very trifling value—not exceeding a few hundred pounds—their receipt was openly avowed in a letter to the Court of Directors—they were bestowed by the Nabob of Arcot, and towards whom Lord Pigot certainly manifested no undue partiality; but these circumstances cannot remove the illegality of accepting them, and it is to be lamented that Lord Pigot should have given his enemies an opportunity of reproaching him on this ground. On the 23rd of April the subject again occupied the attention of a general court, when it was resolved to adjourn for a fortnight. On the 7th of May the court again met, and, after much debate, it was resolved to refer to the decision of a ballot a series of resolutions of an extraordinary character. They censured the invasion of his lordship's rights as governor, and acquiesced in his restoration; but recommended that such restoration should be immediately followed by his recall, in order that his conduct might be more effectually inquired into: for the same reason they recommended the recall of the councillors who had supported Lord Pigot, and also of those who had opposed him. These resolutions were carried, on the ballot, by 414 against 317. On the 21st of May, the case of Lord Pigot was brought before the House of Commons, and a series of resolutions favourable to him proposed. They were opposed by the ministry, and lost. The Court of Directors, on the 30th of July, passed resolutions designed to give effect to the recommendation of the general court; but before the question was decided, the party principally interested was beyond the reach of either additional injury or tardy redress."

The various events of the war we cannot venture even to catalogue, so numerous were they. Tipoo Sultan proved himself no ignoble foe, and in the end he compelled the Company to negotiate, and finally concluded a treaty, in which he preserved his honour, though he submitted to much that cannot be approved. Having brought the war in Bengal also to a conclusion, Hastings returned to England, to face the multitudinous enemies who had been assailing his conduct both in Parliament and through the press.

He had scarcely landed when he was put upon his defence. Select and secret committees had been appointed by the House of Commons; the Directors, in alarm, resolved on his recall, but the general court declared in his favour. This stir was obviously made as an introduction to the famous India Bill, which proposed to transfer the entire government of India from the Company to the Cabinet. It passed the Commons, but was opposed in the Lords. Before its fate was finally determined, there was a change of ministry. Mr. Pitt took office, brought in a new Bill which was lost, dissolved the Parliament, obtained a great majority, and then carried his measure. This act is the foundation of the present system of governing India, and therefore, though long, we extract Mr. Thornton's able analysis of its provisions.

"By the plan established in 1784, the patronage of India, the immediate management of its affairs, and the general right of originating all measures connected with them, remained with the Company. But these functions were to be exercised under the observation of a board, composed of persons nominated by the Crown, who were entitled to be fully informed of all matters connected with the political, military, and revenue affairs of India, and whose

approbation was necessary to give effect to the measures suggested by the authority of the Company. In case of default by the Court of Directors, the board might originate despatches; and to provide for circumstances where secrecy might be required, the Court were to appoint a secret committee, through which the secret instructions of the board, when such were necessary, might be forwarded to the governments of India. The power thus established was not altogether new. By the act of 1781, the Court of Directors were bound to deliver to one of the Secretaries of State, copies of all proposed despatches on civil and military affairs, and to obey the instructions of the Crown in reference thereto: nor is it unreasonable that government should have the means of preventing political power exercised on behalf of the British Crown from being abused. It would, perhaps, be difficult to frame a plan for the government of distant possessions, which should possess greater advantages and fewer inconveniences than that under which the government of India has now for sixty years been conducted. If the East-India Company were to exercise the powers of government unchecked, abuses, similar to those which formerly called for the interference of Parliament, might again arise. The interposition of the great body of proprietors, instead of being, as it now is, a salutary and useful expression of public opinion, might become, as of old, an instrument for effecting objects, purely personal; and the Company's courts might again become the scene of furious contests, in which, though public principle might be pretended, none would be really involved, the matter in dispute being, in effect, whether one individual or another, or one or another knot of individuals, should be enriched by the possession of lucrative office in India. That a great empire should flourish under such a system is manifestly impossible; and while it affords matter of gratification that the popular part of the constitution of the East-India Company has been preserved, it is not less so that it has been rendered incapable of being used as an engine of mischief.

"The evils of the old system of government were attested by experience. Those which would have resulted from a change which should have annihilated the powers of the Company, and transferred the entire administration of India to a government office, may readily be imagined. By dividing the power between the responsible advisers of the Crown and a body totally unconnected with political party, both classes of evils are, to a great extent, avoided. The patronage of India, which all constitutional authorities have thought it would be dangerous to place with the Crown, is deposited in the hands of a body over whom the Crown and its ministers can exercise scarcely any influence. With those who, thus free from political bias, administer this patronage rests the power also of communicating with the local governments, and of originating the orders and instructions transmitted for their guidance; but such orders requiring the approbation of a branch of the executive government of the Crown to give them effect, nothing at variance with the rights of the sovereign, with the general interests of the empire, or with the general policy of the ministry for the time being, can be carried into effect. Personal claims or complaints having to pass the ordeal of two inquiries, conducted under two different and independent authorities, will be far more likely to be decided with justice than if they were subjected only to one. The discussion called forth by such a system is another advantage which would be lost under any other differing from it essentially. The system might probably be improved in some minute points, but the principle which is at its foundation is admirable. It has been alleged that it is cumbersome and anomalous. All systems of check are to a certain extent cumbersome, but we submit to this inconvenience for the sake of security. The other objection scarcely deserves refutation. Government is a practical matter, and, if its objects be attained, it is of little importance whether or not the machinery be regular and symmetrical.

"Besides establishing the Board of Control, the East-India Act of Mr. Pitt sought to check corruption in the servants of the East-India Company, by subjecting them to inquiry as to their fortunes, and by preparing for the trial of their offences a new tribunal. These provisions, however well intended, are not entitled to any portion of the praise which is due to the main object of the act. Servants of the Company, returning from India, were required to deliver inventories of their property, and this enactment was fortified by penalties of extreme severity. This part of the bill was repealed two years afterwards. It ought never to have been passed: the inquisitorial proceedings which it sanctioned are utterly inconsistent with the habits of a free country. Another unfortunate portion of the act was, the creation of a new tribunal for the trial of Indian delinquents, and the provision of new modes of procedure against such criminals. Three of the judges were to be members of this extraordinary tribunal; the rest, seven in number, were to be members of the two houses of Parliament, chosen by their fellow-members. The majority of the persons, therefore, to whom it was

proposed to commit the investigation and punishment of Indian crime would have been political partisans. Among the novelties introduced into the forms of proceeding was the admission of evidence taken in India before a competent tribunal, the effect of which would have been to place the liberty, property, and character of accused persons at the mercy of witnesses, and those Indian witnesses, whom they would have no opportunity of subjecting to cross-examination. Burke, in speaking of this monstrous tribunal, might well exclaim, 'all that had yet been said of the judicature which was now established for the purpose of punishing the delinquencies committed in India fell short of its turpitude; it had no authority, example, similitude, or precedent, in the history of this country, except, perhaps, the Star Chamber of detestable memory. That institution, which had made the hearts of the whole nation to quake and tremble, was composed of peers, privy councillors, and judges.' It is remarkable that this tribunal, which occupies nineteen sections of the act by which it was established, and which two years afterwards was the subject of laborious modification by another act, the provisions of which are yet un repealed, has never, in a single instance, been resorted to. A court was prepared, before which Indian delinquency was to tremble, but not a single criminal has ever been arraigned at its bar; and though the acts which provide for its existence may long continue to slumber on the Statute Book, there is little probability that its terrors will ever be called forth."

The next great event was the impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings, about which so much has been written, and such a variety of opinions expressed, that we will not weary our readers by going into that question. It ended, as they are aware, in the acquittal of Hastings, whose character is well drawn by Mr. Thornton:—

"No man has been more bitterly reviled, or more extravagantly praised, than Hastings; nearly all who have spoken or written of him have been fierce partisans—the calmness of unbiassed judgment has rarely been brought to the examination of his character. On one point friends and foes must agree—that he was a man of extraordinary talents—that, as far as intellectual qualifications constitute competency, he was eminently competent to the high duties in the discharge of which so large a portion of his life was passed. He was not only able but laborious; his time and thoughts were given to the business of his station without reserve, and almost without intermission. Few of his successors have equalled him in ability—none have surpassed him in industry.

"He was among the first to see that England could not maintain her position in India as an isolated power. He was among the first to discern the necessity of the British Government forming alliances with the native states, and gradually advancing to that commanding situation which it has since attained. These views were in his time greatly unpopular in England; but experience, both evil and good, has since proved their soundness.

"Hastings, too, did much to reform the internal administration of the British provinces. He found the country suffering from the consequences of a series of revolutions, and a succession of weak governments. The revenue and judicial establishments were utterly ineffective, and he had to make provisions for their reform. He did not render them perfect nor even reasonably good, but he gave them some degree of efficiency, and his labours formed the ground-work on which subsequent endeavours for their improvement have been based.

"Hastings was sincerely desirous of promoting the prosperity of the country which he governed, and upholding the interests of those whom he served. But his moral constitution was defective, and the means by which he sought to promote worthy and laudable objects were often utterly indefensible. If the state wanted money, he appears to have thought himself at liberty to supply the want, without inquiring as to the justice of the modes resorted to. His whole policy was based on the loosest expediency, and he never suffered himself to be fettered by a principle for a moment after it was convenient to cast it aside. With a mind of extraordinary power, he seems to have been incapable of understanding the plainest obligations of justice, and the defects of his moral judgment were not corrected by any delicacy of feeling. His sympathies were weak. Stately, cold, and artificial, he manifested little of human passion, except in its darker forms. His hatred was intense, and his violence was aggravated by the lofty opinion which he entertained of himself. He had a right to think of himself highly, but no man can be justified in entertaining that contempt for the opinion of his fellow-men which he cherished, and which was manifested in so many acts of his life."

The remainder of the volume is occupied with a graphic narrative of the progress of the wars under Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore, with whose government it closes. From this we might glean

many interesting passages, but we have already exceeded the space we should allot to second notices, and our excuse must be in the rare value and importance of the book under review.

History of Scotland. By P. FRASER TYTLER, Esq. Vol. IX. (concluding volume). Edinburgh. Tait.

It is a rare circumstance to see both father and son distinguishing themselves in the same intellectual pursuits; but Mr. Tytler affords an instance of still rarer hereditary excellence. The son of Lord Woodhouselee and the grandson of William Tytler, he has with noble emulation outshone both his ancestors, and established his fame, and that of his family, on an imperishable basis. His *History of Scotland*, which by the publication of the ninth volume he has now completed, is unquestionably, and long must continue to be, the standard history of that country, around which so many and so various associations cling in the minds of all who admire strongly-marked character and energy of purpose, and can appreciate the display of all the noble qualities of human nature, distorted and ill-directed though they may sometimes have been by the influence of semi-barbarous passions. Scotland has played a singular part in modern history. From its isolated position, and the comparative scantiness of its natural resources, its direct influence has been small; but its indirect influence—that which cannot be precisely measured, but whose conquests are more lasting and wide-spreading than many of the apparently more important events which often acquire undue consequence in the pages of the historian—this we are inclined to think has been far greater than that of any country in modern times with which it can fairly be compared. We speak not now of the prudent, thoughtful, moral, and energetic character which its sons have displayed of late years in extending commerce, and becoming the pioneers of civilization in every quarter of the world; nor yet of the influence its literature has had in the intellectual world—in both of which points the old national character may be traced—but we speak of the heroic deeds that were done of old by its hardy and simple natives in the cause of national independence, of the wild virtues of its chieftains, and of the perils endured and miseries suffered for clan loyalty, and religious faith. These have been thought of, dwelt on, and admired in every age and every clime. By the memory of such actions, many a fainting heart has been cheered on once more to exertion, many a faltering spirit nerved to the combat, many a waverer fixed in the right path; the foes of the oppressors have, by the aid of these never-dying examples, been victorious, and the chains of tyranny, intellectual and political, been riven asunder. Again and again will these live in the pages of the historian, poet, and novelist, and the records of the great and the brave that have owned Scotland for their fatherland arouse kindred spirits until the end of time.

Mr. Tytler's merits as an historian are too well known to require us now to dilate upon them. We will only notice one rare qualification which he possesses, and pass on to the volume before us. A painstaking and acute inquirer into antiquarian stores, a careful explorer of the mines of secret history; he does not, through a mole-eyed admiration of his own discoveries, or an incapacity to distinguish between the external forms and the internal spirit, fall into the error of giving his readers a minute Dutch-like picture of the past, instead of a living, breathing representation of what men thought, felt, and acted.

The clear and flowing narrative in this volume, supported by the numerous references to the treasures of the State Paper Office, and the collection of manuscripts in the possession of Sir George Warrender, fully sustain the praises which have been bestowed upon the previous volumes of the work.

The volume opens with an account of the conduct of James and Elizabeth immediately subsequent to the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. The feeling in Scotland was deep and strong in favour of revenge. Elizabeth's pretended ignorance and affected sorrow enraged the people still more, and the repeated forays on the border shewed that James was neither willing nor able to repress the popular fury at once. Walsingham, however, addressed a long and able letter to Sir John Maitland, of Thirlstane, the Scottish Secretary of State, in which he pointed out so forcibly the inexpe-

diency of a war with England, that James paused, and was soon ready to listen to the propositions of assistance which Elizabeth was eager to make, and which he found were necessary to enable him to face the power of the Roman Catholic portion of his subjects. In fact, the antagonistic principles of Romanism and Protestantism, which, throughout the sixteenth century, were the poles around which the political world revolved, were at this moment in deadly contest. The Spaniards were preparing the Armada, and they looked to the Catholics in Scotland for assistance in the destruction of England. This James saw, and being really attached to the Protestant faith, resolved to pass over the wrongs of his mother, and play off the rival parties in Scotland against each other, and so fix his own power on a firm foundation, and ensure his ultimate accession to the throne of England. All the northern parts of his kingdom, including the counties of Inverness, Caithness, Sutherland, and Aberdeen, with Moray, and the sheriffdoms of Buchan, of Angus, of Wigtown, and of Nithsdale, were Catholic, while the counties of Perth and Stirling, Fife, Lanark, Dumfries, and Renfrew, and the rich district of Clydesdale, were mostly Protestant. During the short but glorious contest with Spain, James acted firmly, and resisted the offers of the Catholics. The Borders were quiet; no Scotch assisted the enemy; the wild islesmen were prevented from invading Ireland. But Elizabeth broke all her promises when the danger was over, and the king justly complained that "he had been dandled and duped like a boy."

An expedition in honour of Cupid, however, now engrossed his attention. He started for Denmark, and after an absence of six months, returned with his bride to commence the reforms which he and his able minister Maitland had resolved to attempt. Elizabeth again soothed him by the cheap present of the vacant Garter, and even forgot her economy so far as to send large sums of money. The Catholics were watched, and even persecuted; but the momentary calm was quickly changed into a fierce storm. The Earl of Bothwell, with the cognizance of Bowes, the English ambassador, attacked the palace of Holyrood, and nearly succeeded in seizing the King, and then fled to England, where he was hospitably received, and encouraged in all his wild schemes. The Earl of Huntly, Maitland, and others, entered into a secret "Band," to effect the death of the Earl of Murray, the Earl of Argyll, his brother, Colin Campbell, and the Campbell of Calder. This was a document drawn up with strict legal precision, by which they mutually bound each other to achieve their object, and was in accordance with the true spirit and practice of the times. The "bonny Earl of Murray" was first cruelly murdered; but the suspicions which justly fell upon Maitland much weakened James's position. His minister was compelled to leave the court, and the monarch, much against his secret wishes, assented to the "Charter of the Liberties of the Kirk," by which the obnoxious Acts of 1584 against the Kirk were repealed, and the Kirk made for the time triumphant. This Act ratified the system of government by general assemblies, provincial synods, presbyteries, and particular sessions:—

It affirmed such courts, with the jurisdiction and discipline belonging to them, to be just, good, and godly; defined their powers, appointed the time and manner of their meeting, and declared that the Acts passed in 1584 should be in no ways prejudicial to the privileges of the office-bearers in the Kirk in determining heads of religion, matters of heresy, questions of excommunication, appointment and deprivation of ministers; that another Act of the same Parliament granting commissions to bishops to receive the royal presentations to bishoprics, and to give collation, should be rescinded: and that all presentations should be directed to their particular presbyteries, with full power to give collation and decide all ecclesiastical causes within their bounds, under the proviso that they admitted such ministers as were presented by the King or other lay patrons."

Mr. Tytler makes the following judicious observations on the imprudent zeal of the Kirk:—

"Had the Kirk contented itself with these triumphs, and rested satisfied in the King's present dispositions, which appeared wholly in its favour, all things might have remained quiet: for the Catholics, convinced of the madness of their projects, were ready to abstain from all practices inimical to the religion of the State, on the single condition that they should not be persecuted for their adherence to the ancient faith. But the Kirk were not disposed to take this quiet course. The principle of toleration, divine as it assuredly is in its origin, yet so late in its recog-

nition even amongst the best men, was then utterly unknown to either party, Reformed or Catholic. The permission even of a single case of Catholic worship, however secret,—the attendance of a solitary individual at a single Mass, in the remotest district of the land, at the dead hour of night, in the most secluded chamber, and where none could come but such as knelt before the altar for conscience' sake, and in all sincerity of soul,—such worship, and its permission for an hour, was considered an open encouragement of Antichrist and Idolatry. To extinguish the Mass for ever, to compel its supporters to embrace what the Kirk considered to be the purity of Presbyterian truth, and this under the penalties of life and limb, or in its mildest form of treason, banishment, and forfeiture, was considered not merely praiseworthy but a point of high religious duty; and the whole apparatus of the Kirk, the whole inquisitorial machinery of detection and persecution, was brought to bear upon the accomplishment of these great ends. Are we to wonder that, under such a state of things, the intrigues of the Catholics for the overturn of a government which sanctioned such a system continued; that when they knew or suspected that the King himself was averse to persecution, they were encouraged to renew their intercourse with Spain; and to hope that a new outbreak, if properly directed, might lead either to the destruction of a rival faith, or to the establishment of a liberty of conscience?"

The "Spanish Blank" conspiracy was the result. James availed himself of the opportunity; attacked and subdued the Catholic nobles, but was soon deserted by the Kirk, because he refused to accede to their demand, that the Catholics should be extirpated from the land. Elizabeth intrigued still more against him. Bothwell seized the palace, and became master of the government; but James behaved with great vigour and skill; extricated himself from the hands of Bothwell's party; and became apparently reconciled with the Catholics. As Mr. Tytler unearthed from the treasures of the State Paper Office convincing proofs that John Knox was privy to the murder of Rizzio, so he has now shewn, from the same source, that Elizabeth, in her anxiety to weaken Scotland, scrupled not to attempt a combination with the Roman Catholics.

"The party employed," writes Bowes to Cecil, Sept. 6, 1593, "to sound Chansus (Huntley) and his companions, how they stand affected to proceed in and perform their offers made for America (England), letteth me know that he hath spoken with Chansus and with such as 'tendered this offer for him and the rest; and they will go forwards agreeable to the motions offered.'" He adds—"This cannot be kept from the ears of the vi. m. 867. 67. (Kirk) here, who will greatly start and wonder hereat."

Elizabeth, however, could as easily forget these intrigues as enter into them in proof of which, from the many interesting and original letters given in this volume, we extract the following, which was written, not as an official letter, but wholly in her own hand, and delivered secretly to James:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—To see so much, I rue my sight that views the evident spectacle of a seduced King, abusing council, and wry-guided kingdom. My love to your good and hate of your ruin, breeds my heedful regard of your surest safety. If I neglected you, I could wink at your worst, and yet withstand my enemies' drifts. But be you persuaded by sisters. I will advise you, void of all guile, and will not stick to tell you, that if you tread the path you chuse, I will pray for you, but leave you to your harms."

"I doubt whether shame or sorrow have had the upper hand when I read your last lines to me. Who of judgment, that deemed me not simple, could suppose that any answers you have writ me should satisfy, nay, enter into the opinion of any one not void of four senses, leaving out the first."

"Those of whom you have had so evident proof by their actual rebellion in the field you preserve whose offers you knew then so large to foreign princes. And now, at last, when, plainest of all, was taken the carrier himself, confessing all before many commissions and divers councillors; because you slackened the time till he was escaped, and now must seem deny it (though all men know it) therefore, forsooth, no jury can be found for them. May this blind me that knows what a King's office were to do? Abuse not yourself so far. Indeed, when a weak bowing and a slack sent in government shall appear, then bold spirits will stir the stern, and guide the ship to greatest wreck, and will take heart to supply the failure."

"Assure yourself no greater peril can ever befall you, nor any King else, than to take for payment your accounts; for they deride such, and make their prey of their neglect. There is no prince alive, but if he shew fear or yielding but he shall have tutors enough though he be out of minority. And when I remember

what some have, the mind; but true, Lord correct their lives where the dwell, and hoods, as visit other to be rid of Now, who how child of either to artifice and lacke an item for best merit the taste of them they never hear but this lesson.

"The be see your ju speech, but how you were ever, sons are so own sake not in his if his own causes make such a kin they shall it. Leave they will be For your ojects see yo to suffer de know my of this noble honest; to myself were whose affect oft not follow blame my le God to bless prize them many years

James sh terness, and will shew:—

"So m dearest siste and mind, a I neither kn to begin; b yourself, sir the first w changed), se spectacle of betwix two rather inter part, which madam; for plainness. effects have my avowed tr in your real proper house greatest conf of all, how h sonable quan men therewi churches in England, in from contem a mile of my trumpeters, and being by place, returne ners; and si making his tr when first, I and then aga what number ambassadors, ye have both should have rather stirring ing to pity hi weighing my friend to you enemies, and that I take n with some pa venture you v thus I enter surely satisfy above mention things are by

what sore punishment those so lewd traitors should have, then I read again, lest at first I mistook you; but when the reviewing granted my lecture true, Lord! what wonder grew in me that you should correct them with benefits who deserve much severer correction. Could you please them more than save their lives and make them shun the place they hate, where they are sure that their just deserved haters dwell, and yet as much enjoy their honours and livelihoods, as if for sporting travel they were licensed to visit other countries? Call you this a banishment—to be rid of whom they fear and go to such they love? Now, when my eyes read more, then smiled I to see how childish, foolish, and witless an excuse the best of either three made you, turning their treasons' bills to artificers' reckonings with items for many expenses, and lacked but one billet which they best deserved, an item for so much for the cord, whose office they best merited. Is it possible that you can swallow the taste of so bitter a drug, more meet to purge you of them than worthy for your kingly acceptance? I never heard a more deriding scorn; and vow that, if but this alone, were I you, they should learn a short lesson.

"The best that I commend in your letter is, that I see your judgment too good to affirm a truth of their speech, but that alone they so say. Howbeit, I muse how you can want a law to such, as whose denial, if it were ever, could serve to save their lives, whose treasons are so plain; as the messenger who would for his own sake not devise it, if for truth's cause he had it not in his charge: for who should ever be tried false, if his own denial might save his life? In Princes' causes many circumstances yield a sufficient plea for such a king as will have it known: and ministers they shall lack none, that will not themselves gainsay it. Leave off such cloaks, therefore, I pray you; they will be found too thin to save you from wetting. For your own sake play the king, and let your subjects see you respect yourself, and neither to hide or to suffer danger and dishonour. And that you may know my opinion, judgment, and advice, I have chosen this nobleman, whom I know wise, religious, and honest; to whom I pray you give full credit, as if myself were with you; and bear with all my plainness, whose affection, if it were not more worthy than so oft not followed, I would not have gone so far. But blame my love if it exceed any limits. Beseeching God to bless you from the advices of them that more prize themselves than care for you, to whom I wish many years of reign."

James shortly afterwards replied with equal bitterness, and more justness, as the following passage will shew:—

"So many expected wonders, madam, and dearest sister, have of late so overshadowed my eyes and mind, and dazzled so all my senses, as in truth I neither know what I should say, nor whereat first to begin; but thinking it best to take a pattern of yourself, since I deal with you, I must, repeating the first words of your last letter (only the sex changed), say I rue my sight,* that views the evident spectacle of a seduced queen. For when I enter betwixt two extremities in judging of you, I had far rather interpret it to the least dishonour on your part, which is ignorant error. Appardon me, madam; for long approved friendship requires a round plainness. For when first I consider what strange effects have of late appeared in your country; how my avowed traitor hath not only been openly reset in your realm, but plainly made his residence in your proper houses, ever plainest *kything** himself where greatest confluence of people was; and which is most of all, how he hath received English money in a reasonable quantity; waged both English and Scottish men therewith; proclaimed his pay at divers parish churches in England; convened his forces within England, in the sight of all that border; and therefrom contemptuously marched, and camped within a mile of my principal city and present abode, all his trumpeters, and divers waged men, being English; and being by myself in person repulsed from that place, returned back in England with displayed banners; and since that time, with sound of trumpet, making his troops to muster within English ground: when first, I say, I consider these strange effects, and then again I call to mind, upon the one part, what number of solemn promises, not only by your ambassadors, but by many letters of your own hand, ye have both made and reiterated unto me, that he should have no harbour within your country, yea, rather stirring me farther up against him, than seeming to pity him yourself; and upon the other part, weighing my desires towards you,—how far being a friend to you I have ever been an enemy to all your enemies, and the only point I can be challenged in, that I take not such form of order, and at such time, with some particular men of my subjects as peradventure you would, if you were in my room; when thus I enter in consultation with myself, I cannot surely satisfy myself with wondering upon these above mentioned effects: for to affirm that these things are by your direction or privity, it is so far

against all princely honour, as I protest I abhor the least thought thereof."

The following three years the country was in the greatest disorder, and we here form a much higher opinion of James's character than his conduct after he became King of England would justify.

Mr. Tytler thus sums up what he had effected:—

"James had triumphed over the extreme license and democratic movements of the Kirk; had restrained the personal attacks of its pulpit; defined, with something of precision, the limits between the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions; evinced an anxiety to raise the character and usefulness of the clergy, by granting them a fixed provision; and added consideration and dignity to the Presbyterian polity, by giving it a representation in the great council of the country. He had, on the other hand, shewn equal wisdom and determination in his conduct to the Roman Catholic earls. None could say that he had acted a lukewarm part to religion. These nobles remained in the country, and had been restored to their estates and honours solely because they were reconciled to the Church. According to the better principles of our own times, he had acted with extraordinary severity and intolerance; but even the highest and hottest Puritan of these unhappy days could not justly accuse him of indifference. He had, moreover, strengthened his aristocracy by healing its wounds, removing or binding up the feuds which tore it, and restoring to it three of its greatest members, Huntly, Angus, and Errol. He had punished, with exemplary severity, the tumult which had been excited in his capital, and read a lesson of obedience to the magistrates and middle orders, which they were not likely to forget. Lastly, he had, in a personal expedition, reduced his Borders to tranquillity; and in his intercourse with England, had shewn that, whilst he was determined to preserve peace, he was equally resolved to maintain his independence, and to check that spirit of restless intrigue and interference in which the English ambassadors at the Scottish Court had, for so many years, indulged with blamable impunity."

The key to James's character seems to be, that his indolence disabled him from long-sustained exertion; and his desire to shine as a learned and acute man was ever misleading him into silly exhibitions of his own want of wisdom and kingly dignity, for which no skill in the discovery of witchcraft or polemical divinity could compensate. He shewed the latter defect particularly in his attempt to reconcile all the minute difficulties in the Gowrie conspiracy, and thereby exposed the whole to suspicion. Of this famous conspiracy, Mr. Tytler gives a very full account; and upon the evidence which the letters of the conspirators afford, comes to the conclusion, in which we fully concur, "that he who doubts must be too desperate in his scepticism to be reached by any evidence whatever." That there should have been minor difficulties, and contradictions which could not be explained, was the necessary result of the main facts being true.

Amid the general disregard of law, the blood-feuds and license of the nobles, it is refreshing and instructive to mark two instances of honest independence and adherence to justice shewn by the civilians. In the one case, the magistrates of Edinburgh seized one of James's household, who had rescued an offender from their hands, and failed in his promise to deliver him again. The monarch commanded him to be set free; the bailies refused; James became angry; the provost and bailies said they were willing to resign their offices, but that they would do their duty whilst they held them: James retired crestfallen from the contest. The second instance was still more remarkable. Mr. Robert Bruce, one of the most influential ministers of the Kirk, had been deprived of his stipend by the King. He had sued the Crown in the Court of Session with success. James appealed; and in person commanded the judges to vote in his favour. The president, Seton, was a Catholic; but party feelings were controlled by the stern sense of duty.

"My liege," said he, "it is my part to speak first in this Court, of which your highness has made me head. You are our King; we, your subjects, bound and ready to obey you from the heart, and, with all devotion, to serve you with our lives and substance; but this is a matter of law, in which we are sworn to do justice according to our conscience and the statutes of the realm. Your Majesty may, indeed, command us to the contrary; in which case I and every honest man on this bench will either vote according to conscience, or resign, and not vote at all." Another of the judges, Lord Newbattle, then rose, and observed, "That it had been spoken in the city, to his Majesty's great slander, and theirs who were his judges, that they dared not do justice to all classes, but were compelled to vote as the King commanded; a foul imputation, to which the lie that day should be given; for

they would now deliver a unanimous opinion against the Crown." For this brave and dignified conduct James was unprepared; and he proceeded to reason long and earnestly with the recusants; but persuasions, arguments, taunts, and threats, were unavailing. The judges, with only two dissentient votes, pronounced their decision in favour of Mr. Robert Bruce; and the mortified monarch flung out of court, as a letter of the day informs us, muttering revenge, and raging marvellously."

In Scotland, as elsewhere, the rise of the middle class was the birth of order and justice. We have not space to give the detail of the mode in which James succeeded in his pet project of establishing episcopacy, but it should be well studied preparatory to any inquiry into the conduct of the Scotch, in the contest with Charles the First. We should be delighted to find that Mr. Tytler had devoted his attention to this subject, now that he has concluded his present labours, which have occupied him little less than eighteen years.

In the last chapter, our author points out the various plans and intrigues adopted by James to win over the various parties in England, who were willing enough to leave the setting for the rising sun, and the different causes which finally concurred to render his accession to the throne of the Tudors far more welcome to all than he could have anticipated.

The peroration we quote at length, deeming it worthy alike of the subject and the author:—

"In this memorable consummation, it was perhaps not unallowable, certainly it was not unnatural, that the lesser kingdom, which now gave a monarch to the greater, should feel some emotions of national pride: for Scotland had defended her liberty against innumerable assaults; had been reduced, in the long struggle, to the very verge of despair; had been betrayed by more than one of her kings, and by multitudes of her nobles; had been weakened by internal factions, distracted by fanatic rage; but had never been overcome, because never deserted by a brave, though rude and simple people. Looking back to her still remoter annals, it could be said, with perfect historical truth, that this small kingdom had successfully resisted the Roman arms, and the terrible invasions of the Danish sea kings; had maintained her freedom, within her mountains, during the ages of the Saxon Heptarchy, and stemmed the tide of Norman conquest; had shaken off the chains attempted to be fixed upon her by the two great Plantagenets, the First and Third Edwards, and, at a later period, by the tyranny of the Tudors; and if now destined, in the legitimate course of royal succession, to lose her station as a separate and independent kingdom, she yielded neither to hostile force nor to fraud, but willingly consented to link her future destinies with those of her mighty neighbour: like a bride, who, in the dawning prospect of a happy union, is contented to resign, but not to forget, the house and name of her fathers. Yet, however pleased at this pacific termination of their long struggles, the feelings with which this ancient people beheld the departure of their prince were of a melancholy nature; and an event occurred on the same day on which he set out, that made a deep impression upon a nation naturally thoughtful and superstitious.

"As the monarch passed the house of Seton, near Musselburgh, he was met by the funeral of Lord Seton, a nobleman of high rank; which, with its solemn movement and sable trappings, occupied the road, and contrasted strangely and gloomily with the brilliant pageantry of the royal cavalcade. The Setons were one of the oldest and proudest families of Scotland; and that lord, whose mortal remains now passed by, had been a faithful adherent of the King's mother, whose banner he had never deserted, and in whose cause he had suffered exile and proscription. The meeting was thought ominous by the people. It appeared to their excited imaginations as if the monarch had arrived when the aristocracy of Scotland was about to merge in that of Great Britain; as if the Scottish nobles had finished their career of national glory, and this last representative of their race had been arrested on his road to the grave, to bid farewell to the last of Scotland's kings. As the mourners moved slowly onward, the monarch himself, participating in these melancholy feelings, sat down by the way-side, on a stone still pointed out to the historical pilgrim; nor did he resume his progress till the gloomy procession had completely disappeared."

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Robert William Elliston, Comedian.
By GEORGE RAYMOND, Esq. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. London. Mortimer.

If we remember rightly, the substance of this memoir has already been given to the world through the pages of *Ainsworth's Magazine*,

* Kything himself—showing himself.

and as the volume on our table contains but a portion of the entire biography of Elliston, namely, from 1774 to 1810, we may anticipate another volume from the materials now in course of periodical publication.

The life of an actor cannot be told, so as to interest the reader, in the form of continuous narrative generally adopted by THE CRITIC in its notices of biographies, and for this reason, that they are rarely written in a manner that will admit of it. Stage biography, whether from fashion or from necessity, is usually nothing more than a goodly collection of anecdotes and *bon mots*, strung together with the slightest possible thread woven out of the history of the hero, who is himself often little more than the nominal centre round which he gathers a multitude of other personages vastly more important to the play and interesting to the spectators than the hero who introduces them. Hence all reviewers have felt themselves constrained, when noticing the lives of actors, to make their notices, like the books, rather anecdotal than historical; and, though loath, we must do so likewise.

Such of the biography of Elliston as can be gleaned from this volume may be dismissed in few words. He was born in a respectable station, his uncle being the master of Sidney College, Cambridge; he was educated at St. Paul's School; very early he exhibited, like most forward boys, a taste for theatricals, spouting at parties and ranting on private boards. This mania soon obtained the mastery—he ran away, took to the stage altogether, strutting in barns and sleeping in garrets; and after the usual course of disappointment, want, early and improvident marriage, struggles with rivals, quarrels with managers, jealous feuds, pride, poverty, failure, self-improvement, and success obtained by slow degrees and with hard toil, he became the Elliston whose name has linked itself with the history of the British drama, and from whose desultory *Memoirs*, industriously gathered by Mr. Raymond, and related in pleasant after-dinner fashion, we select a few anecdotes, that our readers may judge of the quality of the work, and which in themselves may not be unworthy of preservation among the curiosities and beauties of our current literature, which it is the design of THE CRITIC to collect.

TENBY IN 1802.

"Elliston this summer received the following communication from his lively friend, Mr. Gore. It is written from Tenby; and it will be curious to notice the great change which the little sea-port must have undergone, and its rapid progress towards a polite state, between the date of his letter and the present time:—

"Never in my days have I been so disappointed in a place as this. We have neither bread, meat, liquor, horses, conveyances, nor lodging. Alexander Selkirk was not more destitute. We have no clothing, but what we carry with us; no water, but the sea, and we must fish for our living. All power of description, like the natives themselves, is positively beggared. I verily believe the Esquimaux, lately exhibited in London, to have been an imposture, and that the animal will turn out a mere 'Tenbyite' at last.

"I made a visit to the small isle of Caldy; it is throughout alive with rabbits, as a chere is said to be with mites. Their multitudes might inspire even their pavid nature with courage to attack, and brought to my fancy the fate of that unhappy prisoner who, thrown into a blind dungeon, was in one night literally devoured with rats.

"I am in a hovel which is termed an hotel, with less accommodation than a roadside alehouse, and by no means so picturesque. One of the female natives acts in the capacity of landlady, a being resembling the *Maid* in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*, as our players are pleased to represent her; with great variety in her face, her eyes being of different colours, and the left side of her nose gone.

"I was yesterday witness to an exhibition which, though greatly ridiculous, was not wholly so, for it was likewise pitiable; and this was in the persons of two individuals who have lately occupied much public attention—I mean the Duke of Brontë, Lord Nelson, and Emma, Lady Hamilton. The whole town was at their heels as they walked together. The lady is grown immensely fat, and equally coarse, while her 'companion in arms' had taken the other extreme—thin, shrunken, and, to my impression, in bad

health. They were evidently vain of each other, as though the one would have said, 'This is the Horatio of the Nile!' and the other, 'This is the Emma of Sir William!'

"Poor Sir William! wretched, but not abashed, he followed at a short distance, bearing in his arms a *cuccolo*, and other emblems of combined folly. You remember Hogarth's admirable subject, 'Evening,' it somewhat illustrates the scene I would describe.

"This distinguished trio are concluding a summer tour; but at Blenheim, I understand, they encountered a rebuff, which must have stung the hero to the quick, the noble family of that domain carefully avoiding any occurrence with the visitors of the mansion. Emma is reported to have said—'Nelson shall have a monument to which Blenheim shall be but a pig-sty!' There is an insolent display about this person which, while it is a scandal to her sex, must pain the heart of every Englishman, in its baneful dominion over the mind of so brilliant a commander and so sincere a lover of his country as Nelson.

"After what I have said of Tenby, what think you of a theatre in the town? but such is no less the fact. Truly it is no bigger than a bulky bathing machine, and bears about the same proportion to Sadler's Wells as a silver penny to a Spanish dollar. They play *The Mock Doctor* to-night, and the hero of the Nile is the subject of an address."

AN ADVENTURE IN BATH.

"Sauntering, one morning, with a friend, on that conventional spot where some assemble to dissipate their lives, and others to patch them up—namely, the Pump Room—Elliston noticed, at a trifling distance, a figure enveloped in sundry flannels, whom he at once recognized as his fellow-traveller in the 'Invalid.' Scarcely could he forbear a smile on the first recollection of that pugnacious morning, but—

'Young men soon give and soon forget offence—
Old age is slow to both'—

and so it appeared. Breaking from his companion, he approached the footstool of this polluted 'Myfti,' and in mock solemnity of tone, said—'If I am so fortunate as to live in your recollection, Sir, allow me to lament that you are still under your severe sentence—but we have all our trials.' On which, to Elliston's further astonishment, notwithstanding his lesson and experience, with a look which would have become Jeffries himself at the plea of Richard Baxter, the other, in half-smothered accents, replied, 'Scaramouch!'

"A ludicrous air of perplexity which Elliston now observed in the bystanders convinced him there was something yet to be explained. 'Don't you know him?' asked his companion; 'That is Mr. D—, of the Corn-market—a rogue in grain, as they call him in Bath. No one speaks to him here, unless to affront him, as you have done. Sentence!—trial!—why the equivocal was quite dramatic!' He then went on to explain the history of the indictment whereof the reader hath by parcels heard, but not distinctively."

JACK BANNISTER.

"An incident, humorous in its way, occurred during this brief campaign, for which we by no means vouch, but give only on report. Jack Bannister happening to be at Manchester at the time, though not of the company (having refused, in fact, to take any engagement), by way of amusement induced Elliston to advertise him under a feigned name, for some small part in a comedy, announcing at the same time that, between the play and farce, the gentleman would 'attempt a scene in the *Children in the Wood*, after the manner of the celebrated Mr. John Bannister, of the Theatre Royal Drury-lane.'

"Bannister acted his part in the play, which being very inconsiderable, he was suffered to pass unnoticed; at the conclusion of which the curtain again rose for the imitation. On walks the mimic, in suitable costume, as perfect a *Walter* as ever appeared on the boards of the Haymarket. Bannister here made his bow to some trifling applause, and then entering on the scene, which he had selected for the purpose, went through the whole of it after his best manner.

"But the interruptions were many, for scarcely had he spoken three lines, when he was saluted by a most distinct hiss. This was soon followed by a laugh, and presently cries of 'Off, off! trash!—hiss, hiss!'—announced to the poor country presumer that he had entirely failed. In fact he was most completely damned. He now ventured to address the audience; but no, they would not hear him—they were thoroughly disgusted at the attempt of imitation, which a journal of the Saturday following declared was the vilest that had ever been offered the public.

"So much for the joke. Bannister enjoyed the affair heartily; but the true state of the case being in a very few days generally made known, Elliston found himself in no little disgrace with his Manchester friends. The laugh was so completely turned against them, that Elliston was compelled to get out of the scrape by a most unqualified apology."

OWEN THE PUGILIST.

"On another occasion, having acted the night at Windsor, and finding himself too late for the mail on reaching Slough, he was compelled at once to order a

post chaise, as it was necessary he should arrive at Bath by a certain hour the next day. With but a faint hope of finding any companion at that time of night, who might be about to take the same direction, he still made application within the entry of the 'White Hart,' when a stranger of no ordinary size, and enveloped in a large shaggy coat, sprang eagerly forward, declaring at once that he 'was his man!'

"His new found friend being evidently a little sprung, Elliston began to repent his invitation; but before he could raise any plausible objection, his agile companion had taken his seat within the vehicle, and already deposited what little baggage he appeared to be travelling with. Elliston, not displeased with the stranger's humour, but having little hope of reducing him to his own state of sobriety, fancied he could do no less than elevate himself to the same level. Ordering, therefore, a double-strong glass of brandy-and-water, much to the applause of his companion in the large coat, they started together.

"Naturally enough, Elliston began his surmises who and what his companion could be. He was rough, but not vulgar; rude in speech, yet on the best terms with the very pride of nobility; and the tumblers he had emptied (which took frequently in humble life, like cupping-glasses, only draw out the ill-humours of the animal), proved him clearly enough as good-tempered a fellow-voyager as many of his betters. What could he be? A question which his increasing volubility only rendered more obscure; for, like an unskilled finger travelling the keys of a harpsichord, he touched on a vast variety of subjects, producing any thing but intelligent sounds.

"In summing up the case, Elliston concluded him to be the first-born of some good easy yeoman, who, on his first visit to London, had paid dearly for the 'Stranger's Guide,' and was now returning with mock satisfaction and empty pockets to astonish the 'auld wife at home.' Suddenly the stranger struck up the ballad of 'Black-eyed Susan,' which he sang not without some slight pretensions to taste; and on Elliston expressing his satisfaction at the change of entertainment, he pulled from under his coat a copy of the 'Convivial Warbler,' which, for all he could have deciphered at that time of night, might have been the 'Æschylus' of Parson Adams, and immediately commenced 'My Friend and Pitcher.'

"How long he would have pursued this vein of melody is uncertain; but on the chaise stopping for change of horses (as to the term 'fresh,' it was far more applicable to the travellers than the poor cattle), he abruptly broke off, and ordering one other tumbler 'of the same,' cried, 'So much for good luck at Moulsey, and now all's over!' This expression Elliston as little understood as the rest his companion had vouchsafed in the form of prose, when suddenly the stranger raising the ostler's lantern directly on the comedian's countenance, and planting his hand impressively on his shoulder, exclaimed—

"I know you, Sir; you are the Prince of Wales. I'll not sell you—you know, Sir, I'll not sell you," shaking Elliston cordially. 'Here,' continued he, pointing to his empty glass; 'I would say it before your honoured father himself, God bless him!—never a drop more from this midnight—six weeks and hard allowance; you look to me—I know you look to me, and I'll stand your friend.'

"Like an Egyptian hieroglyphic, full of interest, but perfectly unintelligible, he continued his fragmental address for some miles further, when again murmuring 'You're the Prince of Wales,' he fell into a most audible sleep.

"In due time the travellers reached Woolhampton, the place, as Elliston had understood, his friend intended parting; he hereupon returned the humeral salutation, with a full per centage of violence, at the same time roaring in his ear 'Woolhampton!' This altisonant announcement had the desired effect. Up sprang the tenant of the rough habiliement, and rubbing his eyes violently for a few moments, 'Woolhampton?' repeated he. 'Yes,' continued Elliston, 'and here, I'm afraid, we part.'

"Sir," replied the other, taking the actor's hand, 'we've been fellow-travellers so far; and now, with best service to ye for the number o' merry tales you've told us; what's the total of my whack?' and out he drew a canvas bag, containing no despicable sum. "Why, verily, my good fellow—," began Elliston; but the other at once apprehending his meaning, jerked him smartly by the collar, exclaiming, 'Gingerly—gingerly! You don't stir to-night unless I pay my whack. Come, how much—a brace o' smelts?'

"A brace of smelts!" repeated Elliston. "Two half-guineas," continued the other; 'remember, I've six hard weeks on't in yon village there.'

"How?"

"Why, didn't I tell you all at the White Hart?"

"Not a word!"

"Whew!—that I should 'a been travelling with a gent. thirty miles, and said not a word!" Elliston here merely interrupted him with a smile. 'My name's Tom Owen,' proceeded he, jocosely, but confidentially; 'You've heard of the fight that's to come

off in September as good a plaguy hard know I'm make your on paying b departing, b teau dangle out.

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off in September, at Moulsey, 'twixt me and Davis, as good a man as ever entered the ring; but 'tis plaguy hard, training—six weeks on't. Hark'ye, know I'm the better man, for a' that; so make your bets.' Which having said, and insisted on paying his share of the chaise expenses, he was departing, brisk and partly sober; his little portmanteau dangling from a sturdy ash, when Elliston called out,

"Well, beat your man, and good luck to you; but the girl!—the girl! Why give 'Susan' a black eye?"

"Snapping his fingers with a laugh, the bruiser mounted the stile, and was presently out of sight."

THE RULING PASSION, &c.

"When Elliston was in a dying state, at his house in Blackfriars-road, his friend, Mr. Durrant, was near him, and being anxious his patient should take some medicine prescribed for him, said, 'Come, come, Elliston, you must indeed swallow this. Take it, and you shall have a wine glass of weak brandy-and-water!' Elliston raised his eyes, and, with still a comic smile, replied, 'Ah! you rogue—bribery and—corruption.'"

The Works of William Shakespeare. The Text formed from an entirely new Collection of the Old Editions: with the various Readings, Notes, a Life of the Poet, and a History of the Early English Stage. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A. In 8 vols. Vol. I. London. Whittaker & Co.

In honest frankness, it must be confessed that we feel very little interest in such undertakings as that to which Mr. COLLIER has devoted a laborious life, and enough of industry and ability to have achieved great benefits to mankind as well as to himself, in almost any other task than that which he had here set before him. We do not mean to say that we are more indifferent about the history of Shakespeare than about that of any other of nature's nobles; but all of his biography that is of any practical value has been traced long since, and the utmost that the most fortunate antiquarian can now hope to accomplish is, to grub from parish chests and family cabinets some traces of the poet's name, upon which the fancy may build a very pretty but very unsubstantial fabric of conjecture, to be puffed away by the breath of the next comer, who substitutes for it some equally air-drawn castle of his own, to be dissipated in its turn.

Here is a Life of Shakespeare, to the compilation of which many years of patient industry have been devoted. How much does it reveal that was not known before? What are the new facts, the discovery of which has made Mr. COLLIER's heart leap with so much joy, as if he had found the philosopher's stone, or invented a machine by which the comforts of the whole race of man would be increased, or as if he could boast that he had enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge. The sum of his new contribution to the biography of the greatest man that ever lived amount to little more than a demolishing of some theories set up by a rival antiquarian, Mr. C. Knight. This gentleman had asserted that the poet's name was rightly spelled *Shakspeare*, whereas Mr. Collier shews that it was, in fact, often spelled *Shakespeare*; the truth probably being, that both are right, and that the name was spelled indifferently, according to the caprice of the writer. Then Mr. KNIGHT had constructed an ingenious story, which represented the father of the poet as a sort of gentleman farmer, well to do in the world, a learned and honourable man, who implanted in the mind of his son the seeds at least of all the knowledge, the philosophy, the wit, the wisdom, which in his after life he poured forth with an exuberance altogether without parallel.

Mr. COLLIER, on the other hand, produces documentary evidence to shew that Shakespeare's father could not even write his name, his mark being affixed to two warrants (in the possession of the Shakespeare Society), which were granted by him as bailiff of Stratford, on the 3rd and 9th of December, 1568, for the caption of two defendants. The presumption of

his wealth by Mr. KNIGHT is overthrown, in like manner, by the production of a deed, dated 1578, by which Mr. Shakespeare mortgages some property of his wife's for 40*l.* and another, dated in the following year, by which he sells his wife's interest in two tenements in Snitterfield, to Robert Webbe, for the small sum of 4*l.* and to each of these deeds both husband and wife have subscribed their marks!!

Mr. COLLIER has ferretted out a few more such-like curiosities of literature. He supposes that the elder SHAKSPERE (as we prefer to call him) was a relaxed Papist, and certainly the document upon which he bases his conjecture goes far to warrant the assumption. This is his account of it.

"A document has recently been discovered in the State Paper Office, which is highly interesting with respect to the religious tenets or worldly circumstances of Shakespeare's father in 1592. Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Henry Goodere, Sir John Harrington, and four others, having been appointed commissioners to make inquiries, 'touching all such persons' as were 'Jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusants, in the county of Warwick,' sent to the Privy Council what they call their 'second certificate,' on the 25th September, 1592. It is divided into different heads, according to the respective hundreds, parishes, &c.; and each page is signed by them. One of these divisions applies to Stratford-upon-Avon; and the return of names there is thus introduced:—

"The names of such Recusantes as have bene heartfore presented for not cominge monethlie to the church, according to her Majesty's lawes, and yet are thought to forebare the church for debt, and for feare of processe, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sickness, or impotencie of bodie."

"The names which are appended to this introduction are the following:—

"Mr. John Wheeler.
John Weeler, his son.
Mr. John Shakspeare.
Mr. Nicholas Barneshurst.
Thomas James, alias Gyles.
William Bainton.
Richard Harrington.
William Fluellen.
George Bardolphe."

And opposite to each, separated by a bracket, we read these words:—

"It is said, that these last nine come not to church for feare of processe of debte."

"Here we find the name of 'Mr. John Shakspeare,' either as a recusant, or as 'forbearing the church,' on accounts of the fear of process for debt, or on account of 'age, sickness, or impotency of body,' mentioned in the introduction to the document. The question is, to which cause we are to attribute his absence; and with regard to process for debt, we are to recollect that it could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension of that kind need not have kept him away from church on the Sabbath. Neither was it likely that his son, who was at this date profitably employed in London as an actor and author, and who, three years before, was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, would have allowed his father to continue so distressed for money as not to be able to attend the usual place of divine worship. Therefore, although John Shakespeare was certainly in great pecuniary difficulties at the time his son William quitted Stratford, we altogether reject the notion that that son had permitted his father to live in comparative want, while he himself possessed more than competence."

"We ought not, however, to omit to add, that if John Shakespeare were infirm in 1592, or if he were harassed and threatened by creditors, neither the one circumstance nor the other prevented him from being employed in August 1592 (in what particular capacity or for what precise purpose is not stated) to assist 'Thomas Trussell, gentleman,' and 'Richard Sporer and others,' in taking an inventory of the goods and chattels of Henry Feilde, of Stratford, tanner, after his decease. A contemporary copy of the original document has recently been placed in the hands of the Shakespeare Society for publication; but the fact, and not the details, is all that seems of importance here. In the heading of the paper our poet's father is called 'Mr. John Shaksper,' and at the end we find his name as 'John Shaksper senior:' this appears to be the only instance in which the addition of 'senior' was made: and the object of it might be to distinguish him more effectually from John Shakespeare, the shoemaker in Stratford, with whom, of old perhaps, as in modern times, he was now and then confounded. The fact itself may be material in deciding whether John Shakespeare, at the age of sixty-two, was or was not so 'aged, sick, or impotent of body,' as to be unable to attend Protestant divine worship."

It certainly does not seem likely that he would have been selected for the performance of such a duty, however trifling, if he had been so apprehensive of arrest as not to be able to leave his dwelling, or if he had been very infirm from sickness or old age.

"Whether he were or were not a member of the Protestant Reformed Church, it is not to be disputed that his children, all of whom were born between 1558 and 1580, were baptized at the ordinary and established place of worship in the parish. That his son William was educated, lived, and died a Protestant, we have no doubt."

There has been a terrible battle of the books upon a doubt started somewhere by somebody as to the conjugal character of the poet. His memory was boldly charged with the crime of having deserted his wife and family, while he indulged in the luxuries and vices of the metropolis. Mr. COLLIER inclines to this opinion, and answers Mr. KNIGHT's reference to a rate-book, in which Mr. SHAKSPERE is assessed for premises whose extent could only be accounted for by the wants of a family man, in this special pleader fashion:—

"It is too hastily inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is very possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that he paid the rate not for any habitation, good or bad, large or small, but in respect of his theatrical property in the Globe, which was situated in the same district. The parish register of St. Saviour's establishes, that in 1601 the churchwardens had been instructed by the vestry 'to talk with the players' respecting the payment of tithes and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not very unlikely that some arrangement was made, under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed."

Dispersed among this curious antiquarian record are some incidental reminiscences of the history of the early drama, with which no living author is so conversant as Mr. COLLIER. We extract one passage from these researches, which may worthily be preserved in our record of the current literature of the time. It is a cotemporary chronicle of the fall of theatres:—

"The Globe was pulled downe to the ground by Sir Mathew Brand on Munday, the 15 of April 1644, to make tenements in the roome of it. The Black Friars play house, in Black Friars London, which had stood many yeares, was pulled downe to the ground on Munday, the 6 day of August, 1655, and tenements built in the roome. The play house in Salisbury Courte, in Fleet streete, was pulled downe by a company of souldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649. The Phenix, in Druery Lane, was pulled downe also this day, being Saturday the 24th day of March, 1649, by the same souldiers. The Fortune play house, between White Crosse streete and Golding Lane, was burned downe to the ground in the year 1618. And built againe, with bricke worke on the outside, in the year 1622; and now pulld downe on the inside by these souldiers, this 1649. The Hope, on the Banke side in Southwarke, commonly called Beare Garden; a play house for stage playes on Mundayes, Wednesdayes, Fridayes, and Saturdayes; and for the bating of the bears on Tuesdayes and Thursdayes—the stage being made to take up and downe when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pulld downe to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a peticoate maker in Canone Streete, on Tuesday the 25 day of March, 1656. Seven of Mr. Goldfries beares, by the command of Thomas Pride, then his Sherche of Surry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9 day of February, 1665, by a company of Souldiers."

We now quit these, to us, tedious pages, commending them to those who have a keener relish than we can boast for mere antiquarian lore.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Wanderings in Spain, in 1843. By MARTIN HAVERTY, Esq. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Newby.

"SPAIN has ever been a kind of enigma to foreigners"—so truly remarks Mr. HAVERTY, and it is one which he has not succeeded in solving. We see there barbarism and civilization side by side; absolutism and democracy shouldering one another; bigotry and scepticism jostling in every crowd; revolutions treading upon each other's heels with marvellous rapidity; a great nation ever stumbling, yet never fallen; a people debased in intellect, but sustained by national pride; liberty loudly talked

of, but ill understood; an empire all of whose members are at war with the head, and still more hostile among themselves; and civil war continually desolating a soil as fertile as any the sun shines upon.

For this there must be a cause more deeply rooted than appears upon the surface. The quarrels of kings or the strifes of nobles would not of themselves have so convulsed society, nor have lasted so long. The differences that are exhibited in civil strife may take the name and form of a struggle for this or that claimant of a crown, but beneath that pretence there is always hidden some personal passion—either a strong desire for the establishment of a principle, or self-aggrandizement, or hatreds and jealousies of rivals. The words loyalty and patriotism are too often made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. Such is probably the case in Spain. The combatants fight, not for sovereign or for ministry, but for some object which they think will be advanced by the success of the banner under which they are arrayed.

What are the real, as distinguished from the ostensible, objects of contention in Spain, no one of our countrymen has yet succeeded in tracing, probably because foreign travellers are never admitted behind the scenes to hear what are the true feelings and aims of the classes by whose aid alone the struggle could be maintained for a week. We had hoped that Mr. HAVERTY would have thrown some light on this most interesting subject, but have been disappointed. He has looked only at the surface of things, and though he describes what he sees graphically, and we should think truthfully, we look in vain for a peep into interiors for revelations of the deep heart of man, stirred as it is in the unhappy country of his visit by passions which blight like lava every spot over which they pass.

But apart from this defect, common to all who have described Spain equally with Mr. HAVERTY, these volumes are entitled to warm commendation, and will well repay perusal. They abound in vivid pictures of the external aspect of Spain, of the society yet to be found there amid all its broils, of her people, and their manners, customs, and home-life. The style of composition is lively, as that of a traveller ever should be, and he tells a story with humour or pathos as need may be, so that it fixes the attention, and does not permit the reader's interest to flag for a moment. Mr. HAVERTY possesses the additional merit of considerable knowledge of art, and singularly good taste in appreciation of it, and he has not neglected this most attractive but little known feature of the land of the Goth and the Moor. We select as specimens passages which just now will have a peculiar interest. First, is a picture of—

QUEEN ISABELLA.

"On the following Sunday, in the Palace Chapel, where the music is invariably enchanting, I had an opportunity of seeing the Queen and her royal sister attend mass in public, as they always do on Sundays and great festivals; and while waiting for the appearance of the court, I had time to examine in detail the exquisite architecture of the chapel.

"At length martial music was heard in the court of the palace, and echoed through the spacious galleries; a train of priests in surplices entered and took their seats on benches along one side of the open central space; priests robed for the celebration of mass followed, with the venerable patriarch of the Indies in his oriental robes; the great lattice of the royal closet was drawn aside, and the young Queen and her sister appeared inside, on two thrones, that of the Infanta being at the Queen's left. When they knelt they appeared quite at the front of the lattice, but when sitting, the Queen was partly concealed from those on the men's side of the chapel; and the amiable little Infanta seemed to devote, perhaps, too much attention to her royal sister, who was evidently the object of all her admiration and affection. They wore bonnets of green velvet, but on subsequent occasions, I frequently saw them wear the Spanish mantilla, of which the Queen is said to be particularly fond. When the Queen's name was mentioned in the prayers at mass, the train of priests turned round and bowed to her Majesty, but she only returned the salutation with a rapid inclination of the head; and in this as well as in her other abrupt gestures, such as starting every moment from her seat, and tossing her head about violently, she displayed not only an extremely defective education, but it is to be feared a sullenness and violence of disposition also. In this respect it is apprehended that she will but too strongly resemble her royal father, as she decidedly does in a certain coarseness of expression about the mouth and chin, if not in the general outline of her features. On one occasion I saw her Majesty lose temper so

much, because her governess could not make her understand the parts of the office in her prayer book, that she shut up the book in a pet, and refused to speak with her sister, who was gently endeavouring to soothe her anger.

"The following anecdote, which I heard among a great many similar ones at Madrid, may serve to illustrate the manners of the Spanish court, and the growing character of its young mistress. Catalina, a young woman who held a subordinate place in the charge of the royal wardrobe, had gained the good graces of the Queen to such an extent that her presence became invariably necessary at her Majesty's toilette, and it was suspected that she was favoured with more of the affection of her royal mistress than any one else about her person. The Camarera Mayor, Madame Mina, was foolish enough to be jealous of Catalina, and carried her resentment against her so far as to have her dismissed from the palace. For one day the absence of Catalina at the usual hour was accounted for by some frivolous pretext; but the next day the Queen refused to prepare for the promenade, unless the favourite domestic came to assist at her toilette, and another excuse was framed, which, after much trouble, sufficed for the moment. On the following day, however, when the hour arrived to prepare for the usual drive to the royal gardens of the Buen Retiro, her Majesty inquired in a peremptory tone for Catalina; and after some equivocation on the part of the governess, the order of the guardian, Señor Arguelles, for the dismissal of that young person, was produced. Isabel seized it in a rage, tore it into fragments, and having ordered that the guardian should be immediately desired to send for Catalina, she took her sister by the hand, as if she felt that she was the only friend she had left, and hastening into another room closed the door, saying that neither she nor the Infanta would stir thence, until her orders were obeyed. Catalina made her appearance soon after, and it was only then that the daughter of Ferdinand VII. allowed a tear to escape, and utter with sobs the name of her mother, who was far away.

"Madame Mina continued in office until the expulsion of Espartero; and one of the first acts of the new government has been to restore the nobility to the various offices which were formerly held by them in the royal household.

"I was assured that on the morning of General Leon's quixotic attempt to seize the royal sisters in the palace, when the various officers of state were assembled there, and general confusion and alarm prevailed, the Queen was seen to take some paper from her bosom and burn it precipitately in the blaze of a candle, leaving but little doubt that she herself was in the conspiracy, and that the paper which she destroyed was a letter that by some contrivance had been delivered to her from her Queen Mother. At all events, it is suspected that the isolation from her family in which she was kept, and the inquisitorial precautions by which she was so long surrounded, have had the effect of teaching young Isabella dissimulation and want of candour, unworthy of her position."

As a compound portrait, take the sketch of

QUEEN CHRISTINA.

"The character of the Queen Mother, Maria Christina, has been much canvassed, and I believe that the impression left on the minds of the generality of people with respect to her is not a very favourable one. The manner in which her connection with Munoz commenced has been related to me:—

"A retailer of tobacco and snuff in the insignificant town of Torrejon, about ten miles from Madrid, having some money and a great deal of vanity, and being able to shew, by sufficient documents, his descent from certain hidalgos of Castile, nothing would content him until he had procured the enrolment of his son among the royal guard of nobles. His neighbours laughed at him at the time, but in the sequel the tables were turned, and the laugh changed sides. It happened some time after the death of Ferdinand VII. in the winter, I believe, of 1834, that news was brought to Madrid that the Queen's favourite summer retreat at La Granja was on fire. The news reached in the evening, and Christina insisted on setting out immediately for the scene of destruction, to ascertain with her own eyes the extent of the injury inflicted on a spot she loved so much. La Granja is seventeen Spanish leagues from Madrid, and the road thither crosses the Sierra de Guadarama, which it was explained to her Majesty would at that time be impassable for the royal equipage, owing to the snow; but no obstacle or argument could induce her to change her mind, and the royal cortege was soon on the mountain road. As was to be expected, the Queen's carriage broke down, and her Majesty was in some danger, until she was pulled by a strong arm through the carriage window, and found herself reposing on the bosom of young Munoz, the tobaccoist's son, for it was he who had been lucky enough in being the first to extricate his royal mistress. Having neither fortune nor education, Munoz had hitherto remained unnoticed among the guards; but dating from this fortunate incident, his career

from rank to rank was wonderful, and it soon began to excite suspicion. He had a handsome person, and it soon became obvious to all that he had won the affections of Maria Christina. A country curate, without learning or abilities, but who belonged to the same lucky village of Torrejon, now made his appearance in Madrid, and people stared with astonishment when they saw him in a few days raised to be priest of the privileged church of Buen Suceso, canon of Toledo, dean, if I remember rightly, of Oviedo, and elevated to other church dignities which I don't recollect. People now said that Christina was married to Munoz, and that the curate from Torrejon had been sent for, as a confidential person, to perform the ceremony.

"The Queen Regent was so blinded by her affection as to take the handsome guardsman out with her in her carriage, and madly expose herself, without any restraint, to public obloquy and indignation. When the intrigue thus got publicity, the exasperation of the people was the greater, on account of the disastrous consequences of the amours of the Queen of Charles IV. with the infamous Godol; and for four years Munoz was obliged to remain in the closest confinement in the Palace of La Granja, making use, as it is supposed, of a subterranean passage to go from the palace to a kind of royal *chaumière*, where he spent his days seen by no one, for he feared the face of every Spaniard as that of an assassin. Such was the feeling that existed against him among the people at large, that it would have been deemed a most meritorious act, and the wiping out of a stain of national infamy, to take away his life. In this way did Maria Christina accumulate popular odium and contempt; despising public decorum, and the provisions of the constitution, which required her to remain a widow, in order to continue as her daughter's guardian during her minority. Her sister, who is the wife of the Infant Don Francisco de Paula, and a strong-minded and ambitious woman, remonstrated with her with severity, but the love-sick Queen spurned her advice, and since then the sisters have been hostile to each other. Then followed various unpopular and political acts of the Regent, of which the crowning one was the law of municipalities, which brought about her abdication in 1840; and she is accused of having made preparations for that event by the plunder of every thing of value which she could possibly carry off with her, even to the ornaments worn by her children, and whatever gold and silver could be torn from valuable but unwieldy articles in the palace. Thus it was said that avarice, political rancour, and her passion for Munoz, had left but a comparatively small share of her attention free to bestow on her royal children. Some, indeed, say that Munoz was no stranger to her Majesty even before the accident of the snow-storm, but that, I believe, is a calumny."

We might cull a hundred passages of equal interest from these pleasant volumes, but the printer forbids, and we will only advise our readers to seek them in their book clubs.

The disorganized condition of this fine country, the insecurity of life and property, the poverty and destitution of the people, the consequence of their civil broils, are powerfully painted by Mr. HAVERTY. Harrowing is this

SCENE IN LA MANCHA.

"The peculiar interest which the genius of Cervantes has conferred on many things in La Mancha cannot conceal from the eyes of the traveller the extreme poverty and wretchedness under which the inhabitants evidently labour. It is the native country of nearly all the lame and blind paupers, street-criers, and wandering musicians, who are to be met with in the capital, and in a great part of Spain besides; and although many Manchegos may be led thus to follow the life of *tunantes*, or vagabonds, from what has become with them a provincial taste rather than by necessity, still there is no question of the extreme indigence which they are obliged to endure in their own country. The groups of beggars I met in this part of Spain were decidedly the most squalid and wretched I have ever seen in any country; and I can never forget a harrowing scene of misfortune which I witnessed there one evening, at a short distance outside the village of Puerto Lapiche. We saw a crowd of eighteen or twenty persons collected on the road-side; and, on looking closer, I perceived in the midst of them the corpse of an old woman, haggard and ghastly, as if the flesh had been withered off the bones before life departed, and that pitiless hunger left nothing but a skeleton for Death. By the side of the body sat the spectral form of a young girl, the daughter of the deceased, weeping most piteously, and wringing her attenuated and meagre hands in an agony of despair. The mother and daughter had been endeavouring to make their way to some large town, to beg for bread; but want and fatigue thus cut short the career of one of the victims. She dropped by the road-side, and the breath of life fled before she could be carried to die under the shelter of some hospitable roof; but, although far from her home, a daughter watched by her cold death-

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bed, and clung fondly to her emaciated corpse, heedless of the cold-hearted stranger's presence."

One other illustration, and we have done. It is a picture of

A NIGHT BROIL.

"I have heard it boasted of as a feat of prowess, by some foreigners in Malaga, that they returned alone to their hotel from the theatre; but I have ventured to do so myself repeatedly with impunity. One night, however, after having so returned, I witnessed a scene which would have made me reluctant to do so again. I had just retired to rest, in the hotel or Posada de Danza, in the Plaza de los Moros, when I was induced to look out of the window by an altercation outside. I saw but three persons in the street; one of them a military officer, calling his opponents ladrones and asesinos; and the others, two men who stood a few paces from the officer, returning the compliment with such epithets as p—tero, pesetero, picaronazo, &c. The officer said he was armed, and would shoot the first man that dared approach him. The others said that they were armed too, and were not afraid of him; and one of them, opening a large knife, made an attempt to close on the military man, but was shot dead on the instant. The other civilian, who was still some paces away from the officer, shouted furiously, and was coming to the assault with a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, when another shot from the officer seemed to take effect, for he dropped either the pistol or the knife, and ran. During this scene, several persons were looking on from the balconies, although it was near one o'clock; and some called to the officer to run for his life. Some serenos, or watchmen, came up, however, with their halberds and lanterns, and were about taking the officer off to prison; but he refused to stir until the picket arrived, and all bore witness to the fact that the dead man still grasped a knife in his hand, and that the homicide was committed in self-defence. The next day the officer was to be seen walking about the streets of Malaga."

Antigua and the Antiguans; a full Account of the Colony and its Inhabitants, from the time of the Caribs to the present day, interspersed with Anecdotes and Legends. Also an impartial View of Slavery and the Free Labour Systems; the Statistics of the Island, and Biographical Notices of the Principal Families. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Saunders and Otley.

THESE volumes are the production of a lady who appears to have enjoyed peculiar advantages for such an introduction to the domestic life of the Antiguans as only can enable the visitor to stranger shores to paint an accurate picture of the people. The traveller's usual hasty gallop through a foreign country may suffice to form a very fair notion of the surface aspect of the soil, or even to give a glimpse of its natural productions, and a rude outline of its cities and towns; but it is folly for a reader to put faith in the pretensions of any traveller who shall assert that in the course of travel, without a residence in a country, he has succeeded in making acquaintance with the MAN of that soil, or is in a situation to describe accurately, much less to pass judgment upon, the mind, the morals, the manners of those whom he never sees but when they are least like themselves, and then only through the distorting spectacles of his own prejudices.

It is a great merit of these volumes descriptive of Antigua and the Antiguans, and that which gives them a value above the mob of travels, that the authoress has not only enjoyed peculiar opportunities for knowing the Antiguans, as well as seeing Antigua, but she has made good use of them, both with her eyes and her judgment. She kept the former wide open, and the latter free from prejudice; the result is a book which will be read with pleasure and advantage long after the tomes of many modern tourists of more notoriety have descended to oblivion.

And she is historical as well as descriptive. She gives us a narrative of the fortunes of the island from its discovery, tracing its governors and telling anecdotes of them much in the style of the Chroniclers; and very pleasant gossip it is. Then she takes us a tour through the island, exhibiting its topography, and taking graphic sketches of its beauties and peculiarities; shews us its mineral, vegetable, and ani-

mal productions, and then she discourses with much earnestness of the human beings by whom it is inhabited. These latter pictures possess a peculiar interest from the singular phase of society existing in the island. It is in the midst of a mighty change, the scene of a grand experiment, to the issue of which the eyes of the whole civilized world are turned with anxiety. An alien population—alien in blood, in religion, and in language—has been suddenly emancipated from slavery, placed by the law upon an equal footing with their former masters; lords of themselves; free to go where they will, and to work or not to work, as necessity may dictate. According to our authorities, who is not the less valuable a witness because her feelings incline towards the old order of things, the experiment has been infinitely more successful than the most sanguine could have ventured to anticipate. She admits that emancipation has been a benefit to the planters, both in morals and in purse, and she cannot conceal the fact that the negro has made wonderful progress in morality, the unanswerable proof of which is found in the extraordinary increase in the number of marriages. The English reader will be inclined to laugh heartily at the ludicrous descriptions of the absurdities into which the imitative faculty, so striking a feature of the negro character everywhere, has betrayed him here in the first indulgence of his freedom—the mimicry of the manners and dress of the wealthy, the caricature of pomp and pride, the assumption of nonchalance and familiarity. But these are only the consequences of their past condition. They were but children, and suddenly they become grown persons before they have put off the plays and habits of children, of which this sort of mimicry is a trait. It strikes us as strange when exhibited in the older world of men and women, among whom the emancipated negro is but as a child of larger growth. But time improves him; he will come to see his own absurdities, and by degrees he will be assimilated in manner with those among whom his lot is cast.

Our authoress has a fault, which she should prune in a second edition. She is too prosy; she uses too many words to express her meaning, and is often tediously minute where two or three touches would have conveyed the image she desired to paint with more vividness to the minds of her audience, than by the auctioneers' catalogue style into which she falls occasionally. But, with this exception, we may express ourselves to be very much pleased with her volumes, which are specially adapted for the book club. We select a few passages to illustrate our remarks:—

LORD CAMELFORD.

"Lord Camelford commanded the *Favourite* sloop-of-war, and Commodore Fahie the ship *Perdrix*, Mr. Peterson holding the rank of First Lieutenant on board the last-named vessel. Commodore Fahie had left Antigua a short time before, to take temporary command of the fleet, then anchored before St. Kitt's, and during his absence Lieutenant Peterson was, of course, left in command of the *Perdrix*. * * * Lord Camelford and Lieutenant Peterson were unhappily at variance; and, perhaps to mortify his rival, Lord Camelford ordered Mr. Peterson to take the watch upon the very evening that a gay ball was to be given at Blacks Point to the naval officers. Unfortunately, Lieutenant Peterson entertained the idea that as he was in command of the ship *Perdrix*, in the absence of Commodore Fahie, he was superior officer to Lord Camelford, who only commanded a sloop; and, in consequence of this false impression, he positively refused to obey his Lordship's orders."

"The disastrous evening approached, and the Lieutenant retired to his quarters above the capstan-house, in order to dress for the festive party. Arming himself with a pair of loaded pistols, and telling his boat's crew to attend him, Lord Camelford quitted his retirement, and stationed himself directly between the capstan-house and the guard-house (now called the Commissioner's house), and there waited the approach of Mr. Peterson, whom he had already summoned to attend him."

"Upon the unfortunate young officer making his appearance, accompanied by some of his friends, his Lordship again commanded him to take charge of the watch for the evening: the command was again refused; when, taking one of the pistols from his

bosom, Lord Camelford immediately fired, and the ball passing through the breast of the brave but inconsiderate Lieutenant, he fell a corpse upon the ground, the deadly stream welling from the wound, and staining, as it flowed, the gay ball-dress which he wore."

"No sooner did the well-aimed weapon do its work, than, drawing the other from its resting-place, his Lordship turned to the Second Lieutenant of the *Perdrix*, and pointing it at him, asked if he would obey his orders, or meet the same punishment as Mr. Peterson? Life is sweet!—the second in command saw his friend stretched at his feet with the red blood gurgling around him; and, fearing the same fate, he obeyed Lord Camelford, and took the watch."

Her anecdotes of the various governors are extremely amusing. Here is a curious trait of

LORD LAVINGTON.

"About the middle of the year, died the Right Honourable Ralph Lord Lavington, Baron of Lavington, one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's Leeward Caribbee Islands. His Lordship, it is said, was a very hospitable man, and very fond of splendour; his Christmas balls and routs were upon the highest scale of magnificence; but he was a great stickler for etiquette, and a firm upholder of difference of rank and colour. It is asserted, that he would not upon any occasion receive a letter or parcel from the fingers of a black or coloured man; and, in order to guard against such horrible defilement, he had a golden instrument wrought something like a pair of sugar-tongs, with which he was accustomed to hold the presented article. In his household he was also very particular. He had, of course, an immense number of attendants; but he would not allow any of the black servants to wear shoes or stockings; and consequently his ebony footmen used to stand behind his carriage, as it rolled along, with their naked legs shining like pillars of jet, from the butter with which, in accordance with his Excellency's orders, they daily rubbed them."

We have already noticed the striking fact of the extraordinary increase of negro marriages since the emancipation. Our authoress does not dispute the fact, but she deprives it of a great deal of its value by the explanations and reservations with which she accompanies it. The following exhibits a very singular state of society:—

NEGRO MARRIAGES.

"When the light of day began to dawn upon this benighted part of the globe by the introduction of Christianity among the negroes, they were encouraged by the Moravians and Methodists to choose a partner from among the other sex, and, in the face of the congregation, vow to each other fidelity and love. Although, of course, such marriages were not held binding by law, it was hoped that it would in some measure check the increase of immorality, and in some instances it might have done so; but the greater part violated those vows without compunction, or held them only until a fresh object gained their attention. It has been frequently known for a man thus married to maintain his wife and his mistress in the same house, which arrangement occasioned frequent domestic broils; and in such cases, the man, being applied to as umpire, has settled the dispute by remarking to his mistress, 'That she must not quarrel with her companion, who was his wife; and that if she did, he would turn her away;' and then, addressing the aggrieved wife, tell her, for her consolation, 'That she must not mind, because she was his wife already.'

"After the negroes were freed from the thrall of slavery in 1834, and the same privileges opened to them as to the rest of the British subjects, it was their pride to be married at the Established Church. In many instances they had been already joined by the Moravian or Methodist preachers; but, wishing to get rid of their partners, who had borne with them the brunt of slavery, they privately paid their addresses to some of the young ladies already mentioned, carried them to the altar, and there married in direct opposition to their former vows, which were as binding and sacred in the eyes of God as if his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury had pronounced the nuptial benediction. Among such an immense number of negroes, it is almost impossible to discover the offenders in this respect against common decency, although the clergymen are generally indefatigable in their exertions to discover the truth. Still, vigilant as they are, they have been deceived; and instances are known where parties have been twice married even in the Episcopal church. * * * When such circumstances have occurred, and the clergyman refused to re-marry them, it has been no unimportant practice for the parties to embark on board a small vessel, and, proceeding to Monserrat, or some other island, there to procure the completion of their unhallowed purpose."

"Another evil to be deplored is, that even when parties are lawfully joined in the bands of wedlock, they pay such little regard to the solemnity of the act. The smart dresses (for which often they commit an unlawful deed), the plentiful breakfast or lunch, the gilded cake, and the driving about in borrowed gigs, is much more thought of by them than the serious, the important promise, of loving one another in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, cleave only unto them, who by the ordinances of God and man are made one flesh. From this want of regard to the serious part of the ceremony, great mischief ensues. As soon as the novelty has worn off, the husband forgets the wife he ought to cherish, and the wife forgets his honour which she is bound to protect. The old leaven clings about them; and, throwing off all shame, they follow the bad example of their parents (who, indeed, are less faulty than themselves, not having had such means of instruction), and by these means give to the country, instead of an honest peasantry, a race of idle illegitimate children.

Letters from America. By JOHN ROBERT GODLEY. In 2 vols. London, 1844. Murray.

MR. GODLEY tells us in his preface that tourists in America never will see any thing but through English eyes, and that they will persist in trying every thing by English prejudices. As for an impartial judgment of American institutions, whether social or political, it is not to be found, and so great is the difficulty of trying another people by their standard rather than by our own, that Mr. GODLEY fears that even he, who went among them with a full consciousness of this impediment to truthful painting, has been unable to accomplish his own design, and has fallen into the very errors he so readily detects in his contemporaries. And so he has, but they are fewer and less grievous than we are wont to find in works professing to treat of the institutions and manners of the United States.

MR. GODLEY is an Irishman by birth, a Puseyite in religion, a liberal Conservative in politics. Yet he speaks much more kindly and approvingly of Republican institutions than any English traveller, save Miss MARTINEAU.

These letters were not written with a view to publication. They were addressed to his relations at home, and are frequently more essay-like than descriptive, and in this lies their value, for we have enough of mere tour writing upon this country: we now want the *reflections* of accurate and impartial observers, and such are the agreeable pages of Mr. GODLEY.

As a series of disquisitions, then, we will treat these volumes, and gather a few passages to shew the style and turn of thought, instead of attempting to follow the narrative.

Slavery is, of course, a prominent topic in this as in all works that treat of America. MR. GODLEY is opposed to the views of the ultra-abolitionists of the northern States, declaring his belief that any sudden interference with the existing order of things would end in the entire disruption of society, and the general massacre of the whites in the states where the slaves compose the great majority of the population. He thinks that angry, abusive denunciations of the slave-holders will serve only to confirm their hostility to emancipation by wounding their pride, and that the condition of the slaves will be rendered more severe than otherwise it would be. His account of the progress of the anti-slavery cause in the north will be read with great interest.

"The mobs in the Northern States are very much divided upon this subject; but the majority, including all the Irish, are in most places Anti-Abolitionists, entirely from hatred to the blacks, and fear lest abolition in the south might be followed by a large immigration of the negroes to the north, and a corresponding reduction of wages. Even at a meeting in Boston (where abolition is stronger than anywhere else), which was held last Sunday, such a tremendous uproar of indignation and hostility was raised when a negro was brought forward to address the assembly, that they were compelled to break up in confusion. Still, the number of Abolitionists increases; and each year a larger proportion of votes is recorded for the 'Abolition' candidate who is invariably set up. At

the election of representatives for Massachusetts, now going on, there is a black ticket-distributor (an electioneering agent, such as with us brings up tallies to the poll), a thing unknown hitherto; and it is hardly possible even now for a master to arrest his runaway slave when he gets into one of the New England states, though the constitution enjoins the authorities to assist in his capture. An instance happened here only the other day, when so much indignation was excited by the fact of a master carrying off a slave in handcuffs, that it was on the point of producing a serious disturbance and a rescue in the streets: it was only prevented by some philanthropic people who raised a subscription and purchased the slave from the owner; who, I dare say, was content with a low price.

"The ill feeling which this subject engenders in the north is very great, and increasing (though I have no idea, as some have, that it is likely to lead to an early dissolution of the Union), not only among those fanatics who cry 'Go out from among slaveholders and be separate, that ye be not partakers of their plagues,' but also among the Whig politicians, led by Mr. Adams. They perceive that the north has less than her just share of influence in the administration of affairs, and they attribute it to the bond of union which slavery constitutes among the slaveholding States. The latter make a compromise with the Ultra-Democratic party in the north, who, to secure the southern support in their Radicalism, are in return generally content to advocate slavery and other southern interests. An anti-slavery minority, on the other hand, in the south is unknown; they present an unbroken front, cemented by the feeling of strong personal interest, and thus are almost always enabled to carry their point when the two sections come into collision.

"All that the North can do on such occasions is to hold out in *terrorem* (what very few would like to see realized) the threat of a dissolution of the Union in case slaveholding influence be increased. Such an event, injurious as it would be to both parties, would be infinitely more so to the South for many reasons: the conviction alone that it would be impossible for them to maintain slavery against the open and unchecked countenance and support which would then be given by the Northerners to the slaves, is sufficient to make them dread the idea. Passion, however, not reason, sways them very much (and very naturally, considering the utterly unjustifiable proceedings of English and American abolitionists) upon this subject; and there is no knowing to what lengths some violent provocation might induce them to go."

A passage on a subject that has lately attracted a great deal of attention at home will be in season.

AMERICAN DUELLISTS.

"Some noted duellists have been pointed out to me here. There is one gentleman who wears a green shade over his eye, in consequence of a contusion which he received the other day from the rebound of a bullet, in practising for an affair of this kind. I had a good deal of conversation with some American gentlemen upon the subject, and heard some stories which astonished me not a little. The American system of duelling is quite different from ours, and far more consistent and rational: they never think of apologies on the ground, or firing in the air, or separating after a harmless interchange of shots, which, in England, throw an air of bombastic absurdity over most proceedings of the kind. In America they 'mean business,' not a child's play, when they fight duels, and never separate till one is killed or wounded. The usual plan is to fire at ten paces, and to advance one pace each shot till the desired effect is produced (the newspapers lately gave an account of a duel where the parties fired six times each). The challenged has the choice of weapons; and pistols, muskets, or rifles are usually selected. Not long since a well-known individual, who, I see, figured as second in an affair that took place about a month ago, challenged another man, who had objected to his vote at an election for personation (which of course involved a charge of perjury), to walk arm-in-arm from the top of the Capitol with him. As this was declined, his next proposal was to sit upon a keg of powder together, and apply a match. However, even in this country these were considered rather strong measures; and through the mediation of pacific friends, it was at length amicably arranged that they should fight with muskets, at five paces. Each piece was loaded with three balls, and of course both parties were nearly blown to pieces. The challenger, however, unfortunately recovered, and is now ready for fresh atrocities. Of course such a case as this is rare; but I think I am right in stating that a bloodless duel is almost unknown. Now, there is some sense in this, whatever one may say of its Christianity: a man is injured by another, he wishes to be revenged upon him, and takes the only method of effecting this which society will allow. In England we superadd absurdity."

As a specimen of his descriptive powers, take this picture of

AMERICAN SCENERY.

"The country between Saratoga and Lake George is undulating and covered with forest; very pretty at first, but after a little time monotonous in the extreme. Tameless is the great fault of American scenery. It is the last thing one expects. A traveller comes from the Old World filled with ideas of the sublimity and majesty which the boundless forests and vast lakes, and mighty rivers of the American continent must possess and display. Nothing can be more unfounded. In imagination, indeed, he may revel in the thought of the immense solitudes that stretch on all sides around him, and may moralize upon the littleness of man in the presence of his Creator's works, and the trifling part he plays upon the mighty scene; but as far as regards the direct effect of landscape upon the eye, all this, of course, does not apply. Vision has but a limited range; and if all within that range be tame and monotonous, it is but a poor consolation to reflect upon the geographical extent of country similarly characterized. Now, in the northern part of America there are a few striking features; you hardly ever see a bold rugged outline of mountain, or a naked precipitous rock. The hills are generally round and low, and covered with vegetation to the top; the colouring, too, is monotonous, except for a brief season in autumn; you have not the variety produced either by sterility or by cultivation; for the purple heather and the cold grey stone of European mountain scenery are wanting (heath, I believe, being absolutely unknown), and so, of course, is the smiling richness of a fully-peopled country."

There is ingenuity in this theory of the causes of the present state of

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"After leaving the 'Asylum,' I went to the reading-room to see an article in the *Foreign Quarterly* on the American Press, which has made a great noise, and is universally attributed to Mr. Dickens. It is forcibly and severely written, but has a tendency to degenerate in many places into the faults which it condemns. The best periodical writing in America is to be found in the *Reviews*, of which several (as, for instance, the *New York and North American*) would in any country be considered as ably conducted. There is an immense demand, too, for our periodicals, which are all reprinted here in a comparatively cheap form, and read, I think, more eagerly than at home. It is just the sort of reading which the Americans like; it does not require much time or thought; it is highly spiced and piquant; and enables people who have not leisure or inclination for profound study to keep up, to a certain extent, with the thought and literature of the day. The favourite author with the mass of Americans is, beyond all question, Dickens; with the 'literary circles' I should say Macaulay and Carlyle, whose 'Miscellanies' are published (as are Scott's, Wilson's, &c.) in separate volumes. Probably this preference is the result, not so much of the analogy between the nature of their opinions and those of the majority here, as of the striking and brilliant character of their styles. The American reading public requires to be perpetually startled, as it were, by something salient and uncommon either in the phraseology or turn of thought (a taste, by-the-by, which has evidently produced the extraordinary supply of quaint, humorous, and pregnant American slang with which we are now becoming so familiar): in poetry the melody must be obvious; in prose the periods rounded and the ornaments excessive. Wordsworth's theories about poetical diction find no acceptance here; nor do his works, or those of our older and simpler poets, appear to be much admired or read. I have even a suspicion (though no one would avow such a heresy) that Bulwer is preferred to Scott."

We hear of distress in America as well as at home; but, according to MR. GODLEY, the word has a very different meaning in the two countries, not a little to our own disadvantage. Compare the reports of our Poor Law Commissioners during the recent distress in the manufacturing districts with MR. GODLEY's account of distress in Canada.

"We came by stage to La Chine, to avoid the rapids: there is also a canal, which serves the same purpose for the small steamers which ply on the Rideau, and carry on the principal part of the provision trade between the Upper Provinces and Montreal; a trade of the extent of which I had no idea before. The town itself is rich and flourishing, though at the present moment suffering under a temporary depression, similar to and partly consequent upon that which prevails at home. Commercial distress, however, here, as in the States, exhibits a very different aspect from that which is presented by a similar state of things in Europe. Capitalists fail, and incomes are reduced perhaps one-half; but what we call destitution, that is starvation, is unknown. There is still a sufficient disproportion between the demand for and the supply of labour to leave a wide margin round the minimum rate of wages,—that, namely, which enables the labourer to purchase the

necessary family. The apparent fall, indeed, profits; but rates, and munition for poor-laws eventually

It is so precisely

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necessary articles of subsistence for himself and his family. A traveller would observe no difference in the apparent occupation of the people: their wages fall, indeed, though not in proportion to the fall of profits; but they are still high as compared to our rates, and no individual is ever thrown on the community for support. There are neither beggars nor poor-laws in Canada; and though both must eventually come, I trust that time is yet distant."

It is scarcely necessary to add that this is precisely the work for the book-club.

Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during Two Years in France and Switzerland. By MARTHA MACDONALD LAMONT. London, 1844. Moxon.

MISS LAMONT is a lively Lancashire lass, who, visiting the Continent for the first time, transmits to her mother a "full, true, and particular" account of the impressions made upon her by foreign places and persons, and as she does this very faithfully, and in a gay sparkling style, her letters make a volume which will be read with pleasure, even by those most familiar with the subjects treated of. It will, at least, revive the memory of their own vivid sensations of delight, when they were first introduced to continental novelties.

The volume contains nothing profound, nor much that is reflective, nor, indeed, does it profess to do so. Miss Lamont has her full share of English prejudices, and censures many things for no other reason than that they differ from her own habits. But this very prejudice has an advantage, inasmuch as it quickens the observation, and peculiarities are seen which a more accommodating disposition might have passed unnoticed or unnoted.

Our authoress enjoyed great advantages in Paris. She went with the highest introductions, and moved among the best society. Her impression of the whole is unfavourable. She prefers English reserve and feeling, to French *politesse* and levity.

From Paris she went to Brussels, Baden, Lausanne, Lucerne, and Geneva, and each of these localities is described in the same merry mood. They are, however, so familiar, that at this late period of the month we cannot dwell upon them, and recommending the volume to those who want something very light and readable to wile away an idle hour, we will conclude with her description of the Lion of Thorwaldsen.

"I was delighted with all I saw at Lucerne; with Nature most, but I shall speak of what came first in the order of time—which is art. On the morning after our arrival, we went to see the celebrated Lion of Thorwaldsen, the monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell in defence of Louis XVI., on the 10th of August, 1792. I have never seen anything of the monument kind so truly affecting as this, from the grandeur and simplicity of the idea, and from the manner in which it is executed. In the solid natural rock, is hewn out a lion of colossal size (28 feet long), in the moment of death, a barb is in his side, and he falls on the shield of France, which he has guarded to the last; the expression of worn-out strength, the conviction that it at once conveys, that he had done all he could before he sank, with the sentiment of death in the face, are admirable. The inscription is beautiful—'To the valour and fidelity of the Swiss;' below this are the names of those who fell, about 800. A little basin, formed by the dropping of a spring from the rock, lies close beneath, and reflects in its dark mirror the rock and the lion, adding much to their effect, which is heightened by the shade of the trees around. We boast what we are in England; we, with our contemptible pillars to worthless dukes, and statues to profligate prime ministers; but we have few monuments on which our whole people might look like this of Switzerland. For we may speak as we choose of the mercenariness of the Swiss; to be faithful to death is a virtue too rare not to merit praise."

SCIENCE.

Neurypnology; or, the Rationale of Nervous Sleep considered in relation with Animal Magnetism. Illustrated by numerous Cases of its successful application in the Relief and Cure of Disease. By JAMES BRAID, M.R.C.S.E. C.M.W.S. &c. London, 1843. Churchill.

THERE is something in a name. *Animal Magnetism* had been laughed into disfavour, *Mesmerism* has been so abused that the timid are afraid to own it. Perhaps Mr. BRAID has acted not unwisely in giving to the phenomena previously known under the former unfashionable titles the new name of *Hypnotism*: it may tempt many to read who would have turned with a sneer from any thing bearing either of the old names.

Hypnotism is the designation affixed by Mr. Braid to the nervous sleep in which the phenomena of mesmerism are exhibited.

Now it matters not by what name it may be called, nor will we quarrel with any man for inventing new names if he dislikes the old ones. Our care is for the fact, call it what you will. Are the phenomena related of this condition of body true? If true, what is their cause, to what good account can they be turned? These are the questions which alone will occupy the thoughts of one who loves truth for truth's sake: he will leave the war of words to others.

On a subject as yet so imperfectly understood as this, upon which the observation of facts has been so limited, and to which so little profound reflection has been devoted, a hearty welcome will be given by the honest votaries of science to any man who contributes to it one fact, or even one rational conjecture. Mr. Braid has done much more than this. He has supplied a great number of facts, and brought forward some original propositions, and therefore we hail his volume as a valuable addition to the store from which ultimately something like a science will be extracted.

As one of the features of the design of THE CRITIC will be to record the progress of discovery, and make known the progressive steps of science, it cannot but watch with interest the march of investigation in that branch of physiology which forms the subject of this review. We wish it to be understood, that in noticing works of this class, as well as all others, we do not imply approval of the doctrines of the writer because we state them without dissent. The very plan of THE CRITIC, that upon which it presses its claim to support as a novelty hitherto unattempted, but which, if practicable, must be serviceable, is to make known to its readers the substance of books, so that they may have a very fair knowledge of what mind is uttering through the press. In these columns, unless it obviously appear to the contrary, it must be understood by the reader that it is the author, and not the reviewer, whose sentiments or arguments he is perusing.

Mr. BRAID went to witness some mesmeric cases a complete sceptic: like everybody who has seen and tried them, he returned a believer. Nevertheless, he does not expect others to believe unless, like himself, they see. He cites the words of the botanist Treviranus, who, speaking of mesmerism, said: "I have seen much which I would not have believed on your telling; and, in all reason, therefore, I can neither hope nor wish that you should believe on mine." All he asks is, that until they have seen, persons will suspend their judgments, and not condemn without a trial.

Mr. BRAID differs from the disciples of Mesmerism both in practice and in theory. He denies that the phenomena are in any manner the result of that which has been termed Animal Magnetism, namely, a supposed influence of one mind over another. He says that results precisely the same may be produced by the patient operating upon himself, and he explains upon his theory almost every phenomenon which has been hitherto accounted for only by the power of mind over mind. According to him, the first stage, the nervous sleep, is produced by a purely bodily affection. He observes:—

"I now stated that I considered the experiments fully proved my theory; and expressed my entire conviction that the phenomena of mesmerism were to be accounted for on the principle of a derangement of the state of the cerebro-spinal centres, and of the circulatory, and respiratory, and muscular systems, induced, as I have explained, by a fixed stare, absolute repose of body, fixed attention, and suppressed respi-

ration, concomitant with that fixity of attention. That the whole depended on the physical and psychical condition of the patient, arising from the causes referred to, and not at all on the volition, or passions of the operator, throwing out a magnetic fluid, or exciting into activity some mystical universal fluid or medium."

His mode of operating is by causing the patient to fix the eye and the attention, and, indeed, this seems to be in all cases the real operation, although performed by various contrivances. By continual repetition, the effect will be produced more rapidly, through the well-known laws of association. This is his method of hypnotizing, and it is so simple that it may be tried by any person desirous of testing it.

"I now proceed to detail the mode which I practise for inducing the phenomena. Take any bright object (I generally use my lancet case) between the thumb and fore and middle fingers of the left hand; hold it from about eight to fifteen inches from the eyes, at such position above the forehead as may be necessary to produce the greatest possible strain upon the eyes and eyelids, and enable the patient to maintain a steady fixed stare at the object. The patient must be made to understand that he is to keep the eyes steadily fixed on the object, and the mind riveted on the idea of that one object. It will be observed, that owing to the consensual adjustment of the eyes, the pupils will be at first contracted: they will shortly begin to dilate, and after they have done so to a considerable extent, and have assumed a wavy motion, if the fore and middle fingers of the right hand, extended and a little separated, are carried from the object towards the eyes, most probably the eyelids will close involuntarily, with a vibratory motion. If this is not the case, or the patient allows the eyeballs to move, desire him to begin anew, giving him to understand that he is to allow the eyelids to close when the fingers are again carried towards the eyes, but that the eyeballs must be kept fixed in the same position, and the mind riveted to the one idea of the object held above the eyes. It will generally be found, that the eyelids close with a vibratory motion, or become spasmodically closed. After ten or fifteen seconds have elapsed, by gently elevating the arms and legs, it will be found that the patient has a disposition to retain them in the situation in which they have been placed, if he is intensely affected. If this is not the case, in a soft tone of voice desire him to retain the limbs in the extended position, and thus the pulse will speedily become greatly accelerated, and the limbs, in process of time, will become quite rigid and involuntarily fixed. It will also be found, that all the organs of special sense, excepting sight, including heat and cold, and muscular motion, or resistance, and certain mental faculties, are at first prodigiously exalted, such as happens with regard to the primary effects of opium, wine, and spirits. After a certain point, however, this exaltation of function is followed by a state of depression, far greater than the torpor of natural sleep. From the state of the most profound torpor of the organs of special sense and tonic rigidity of the muscles, they may, at this stage, instantly be restored to the opposite condition of extreme mobility and exalted sensibility, by directing a current of air against the organ or organs we wish to excite to action, or the muscles we wish to render limber, and which had been in the cataleptic state. By mere repose the senses will speedily merge into the original condition again. The *modus operandi* of the current of air producing such extraordinary effects, I acknowledge myself quite unable to explain, but I have no difficulty in producing and reproducing the effects by the same means, whether performed by myself or others, and whether the current of air is from the lips, from a pair of bellows, or by the motion of the hand, or any inanimate object. The extent and abruptness of these transitions (see page 63) are so extraordinary, that they must be seen before the possibility is believed.

"An abrupt blow, or pressure over the rigid muscle, will de-hypnotize a rigid part; but I have found pressing the nose will not restore smell, unless very gentle and continued, nor will pressing a handkerchief against the ear restore hearing when the ear has become torpid, nor will gentle friction over the skin restore sensibility to the dormant skin, or mobility to the rigid muscles underneath (unless so gentle as to be titillation, properly so called), and yet a slight puff of wind will instantly rouse the whole abnormal sensibility and mobility: a fact which has perplexed and puzzled me exceedingly.

"At first I required the patients to look at an object until the eyelids closed of themselves involuntarily. I found, however, that in many cases this was followed by pain in the globes of the eyes, and slight inflammation of the conjunctival membrane. In order to avoid this, I now closed the eyelids, when the impression on the pupil already referred to has taken place, because I find that the beneficial phenomena follow this method, provided the eyeballs are kept fixed, and thus, too, the unpleasant feelings in the globes of the eyes will be prevented. Were the

object to produce astonishment in the person operated on, by finding himself unable to open his eyes, the former method is the better; as the eyes once closed it is generally impossible for him to open them; whereas they may be opened for a considerable time after being closed in the other mode I now recommend. However, for curative purposes, I prefer the plan which leaves no pain in the globes of the eyes."

And this is the conclusion to which his experiments have conducted him:—

"That it is a law in the animal economy, that by a continued fixation of the mental and visual eye, on any object which is not of itself an exciting nature, with absolute repose of body, and general quietude, they become wearied; and, provided the patients rather favour than resist the feeling of stupor of which they will soon experience the tendency to creep upon them, during such experiments, a state of somnolency is induced, accompanied with that condition of the brain and nervous system generally which renders the patient liable to be affected, according to the mode of manipulating, so as to exhibit the hypnotic phenomena. As the experiment succeeds with the blind, I consider it not so much the optic, as the sentient, motor, and sympathetic nerves, and the mind through which the impression is made. I feel so thoroughly convinced that it is a law of the animal economy that such effects should follow such condition of mind and body, that I hesitated not to give it as my deliberate opinion, that this is a fact which cannot be controverted. As to the *modus operandi*, we may never be able to account for that in a manner so as to satisfy all objections; but neither can we tell why the law of gravitation should act as experience has taught us it does act."

Again he remarks—

"It is important to remark, that the oftener patients are hypnotized, from association of ideas and habit, the more susceptible they become; and in this way they are liable to be affected *entirely through the imagination*. Thus, if they consider or imagine there is something doing, although they do not see it, from which they are to be affected, they will become affected; but, on the contrary, the most expert hypnotist in the world may exert all his endeavours in vain, if the party does not expect it, and mentally and bodily comply, and thus yield to it."

He thinks that upon this theory all the ascertained phenomena can be explained. In hypnotism he supposes the patient's senses are excited to a pitch, of which, in our ordinary state, we can form no conception, and that all the perceptions are so quickened, that they see, taste, smell, hear, feel, things wholly unappreciable in the ordinary state. In the passes, it is the motion of the air they feel and obey; hence the seeing in the dark; the hearing of distant sounds; the avoidance of dangerous objects by natural somnambulists.

Mr. BRAID asserts that between the states of waking and profound sleep there are various intermediate states, of which the most remarkable are *dreaming* and *somnambulism*. The phenomena of common sleep are sufficiently familiar. Mr. BRAID thus accurately describes those of mesmeric sleep:—

"In the hypnotic state, induced with the view of exhibiting what I call the hypnotic phenomena, vision becomes more and more imperfect, the eyelids are closed, but have, for a considerable time, a *vibratory motion* (in some few they are forcibly closed, as by spasm of the orbiculars); the organs of special sense, particularly of smell, touch, and hearing, heat and cold, and resistance, are greatly exalted, and afterwards become blunted, in a degree far beyond the torpor of natural sleep; the pupils are turned upwards and inwards, but, contrary to what happens in natural sleep, they are greatly dilated, and highly insensible to light; after a length of time the pupils become contracted, whilst the eyes are still insensible to light. The pulse and respiration are, at first, slower than is natural, but immediately on calling muscles into action, a tendency to cataleptiform rigidity is assumed, with rapid pulse, and oppressed and quick breathing. The limbs are thus retained in a state of tonic rigidity for any length of time I have yet thought it prudent to try, instead of that state of flaccidity induced by common sleep; and the most remarkable circumstance is this, that there seems to be no corresponding state of muscular exhaustion from such action."

The singular faculty of self-balancing exhibited by patients in the cataleptic stage, which amazes the spectator more than any other of the phenomena, is thus noticed:—

"The power of balancing themselves is so great, that I have never seen one of these hypnotic somnambulists fall. The same is noted of natural somnambulists. This is a remarkable fact, and would appear to occur in this way, that they acquire the centre of

gravity, as if by instinct, in the most natural, and therefore, in the most graceful manner, and if allowed to remain in this position, they speedily become cataleptiformly and immovably fixed. From observing these two facts, and the general tendency and taste for dancing displayed by most patients on hearing lively music during hypnotism, the peculiarly graceful and appropriate movement of many when thus excited, and the varied and elegant postures they may be made to assume by slight currents of air, and the faculty of retaining any position with so much ease, I have hazarded the opinion, that the Greeks may have been indebted to hypnotism for the perfection of their sculpture, and the Fakirs for their wonderful feats of suspending their bodies by a leg or an arm."

It is a frequent question with the opponents of mesmerism—"Of what use is it?" We should be content with the answer, that all knowledge is useful for its own sake; but such a reply will not satisfy the public—something more tangible must be offered to them. Here, then, are cases illustrative of practical advantages:—

"A lady, fifty-four years of age, had been suffering for sixteen years from incipient amaurosis. According to the same ratio, she must have had four years of sleep, but instead of improving she was every month getting worse, and when she called on me, could with difficulty read two words of the largest heading of a newspaper. After eight minutes, hypnotic sleep, however, she could read the other words, and in three minutes more, the whole of the smaller heading, soon after a smaller sized type, and the same afternoon, with the aid of her glasses, read the 118th Psalm, twenty-nine verses, in the small diamond Polyglot Bible, which for years had been a sealed book to her. There has also been a most remarkable improvement in this lady's general health since she was hypnotized. Is there any individual who can fail to see, in this case, something different from common sleep? Another lady, forty-four years of age, had required glasses twenty-two years, to enable her to see to sew, read, or write. She had thus five years and a half of sleep, but the sight was still getting worse, so that, before being hypnotized, she could not distinguish the capitals in the advertising columns of a newspaper. After being hypnotized, however, she could, in a few minutes, see to read the large and second heading of the newspaper, and next day, to make herself a blond cap, threading her needle without the aid of glasses. This lady's daughter, who had been compelled to use glasses for two years, was enabled to dispense with them, after being once hypnotized. It is also important to note, that all these three, as well as many others, were agreeably surprised by improvement of memory after being hypnotized. The memory of one was so bad that she was often forced to go up stairs several times before she could remember what she went for, and could scarcely carry on a conversation; but all this remnant of a slight paralytic affection is gone, by the same operations which roused the optic nerves, and restored the sight. Now, with such cases as these, who can doubt that there is a real difference in the state of the brain and nervous system generally, during the hypnotic sleep, from that which occurs in common sleep? The same might be urged from various other diseases cured or relieved by this process."

In his sixth chapter, Mr. BRAID treats the interesting subject of the power acquired of rousing, during the mesmeric sleep, through the nerves of common sensation, any sentiment, feeling, passion, or emotion. No phenomenon of mesmerism has been more ridiculed, and yet is none so perfectly established as this. He explains it by the laws of sympathy.

"Every one must have observed the remarkable effects evinced by these means on the physiognomy, and the more critically observant must have noticed, that in susceptible individuals there is also a very marked change in the state of the respiration and general posture of the body. They must also have experienced, in themselves and others, how prone we are to assume a sympathetic condition, both of mind and body, from those with whom we associate, or during a temporary interview. These physical changes seem to result from a mental influence imparted through the eyes and ears, and then reflected from within, through the respiratory, facial, and spinal nerves, on the external form and features. Now, such being the case, is there any great improbability, that by calling the muscles of expression into action during the hypnotic state, by titillating certain nerves, that the impression of the feeling with which such external manifestation is generally associated should be reflected on the brain, and excite in the mind the particular passion or emotion? I think it is highly probable this is the true cause of the phrenological manifestations during the hypnotic condition; and as it is the peculiar feature of this condition, that the whole energies of the soul should be concentrated on the emotion excited, the manifestation, of course,

becomes very decided. I presume the different points pressed on, through the stimulus given to various fasciculi of nerves, call into action certain combinations of muscles of expression in the face and general frame, and also influence the organs of respiration, and thus the mind is influenced, indirectly, through the organs of common sensation and the sympathetic, as sneezing is excited in some by too strong a light irritating the optic nerves. Two patients who are highly intelligent, and remain partially conscious, and who acknowledge they did all in their power to resist the influence excited by manipulating the head, state, that the first feeling was a drawing of the muscles of the face, and affection of the breathing, which was followed by an irresistible impulse to act as they did, but why they could not tell."

"In this view of the subject it would resolve itself into the laws of sympathy, and the question then is, where are the external or superficial points of the sympathies located? Experience must decide this; and in the peculiar condition induced by hypnotism, according to my own experience, this can be more readily and certainly determined than in the normal state. These points having been ascertained, we can then determine how and where to act according to our particular object; and it can be of no real importance where the cerebral points or special organs may be posited."

Mr. BRAID agrees with Dr. ELLIOTSON, that the *volition* of the magnetizer has nothing to do with the result, but that it is effected wholly by means of the mechanical pressure operating on an excited state of the nervous system.

"Mere pointing I have myself found sufficient to excite the manifestations in several patients, after previous excitement of the organs; but this arises from feeling, as I know the sensibility of the skin in those cases enables them to feel without actual contact."

Some of the cases he narrates are very curious. Here is one:—

"On one subject, after being in the hypnotic condition for a few minutes, by applying gentle pressure over the *ossa nasi*, immoderate laughter was immediately excited, and ceased as abruptly on removing the contact. The abruptness of these transitions, especially from immoderate laughter to the extreme gravity and vacancy of expression peculiar to the hypnotic state, was quite ludicrous, and almost beyond belief. Supposing she were singing the most grave tune and solemn words, the moment the nose was touched in this manner, by any one, she was irresistibly thrown into this merry mood, but would join in the tune again with the utmost gravity the moment the contact ceased. Rubbing the same part, or pinching up the skin over it, seemed to produce no effect whatever. On applying pressure to this patient's chin, there was an immediate catch in the breathing, with sighing and sobbing, which would subside on removing the point of contact. By touching both nose and chin at the same time, there was the most ludicrous combination of laughing and crying, each struggling for the mastery, as we sometimes see in hysterical attacks. Both would cease immediately on removing the contact. Friction or pinching the skin on the chin had no effect of producing such phenomena. In short, no part of this patient which I tested seemed capable of being excited by friction or pinching the integuments, excepting around the orbits, which produced spectra, although less perfectly so than by simple pressure against the bone. This patient, being pressed over the phrenologists' organ of time, always expressed a desire 'to write'—a letter—to her mother or her brother; over their organ of tune, 'to sing' between this and wit, 'to be judicious'; the boundary between wit and casuality, 'to be clever'; casuality, 'to have knowledge'; in the centre of the forehead, to have 'a certain perception of learning'; below this the phrenologists' eventuality, 'to be skilful'; the points of the head occupied by veneration and benevolence were sometimes indicated by the desire 'to be virtuous,' or 'to be honourable,' most frequently, when the point touched was over benevolence, the answer was, 'to be honourable,' and when over the other point, 'to be virtuous'; when both points were touched at the same time, it was 'to be honourable and virtuous,' and the same answer was always given when these points were touched combined with No. 1, or *amativeness*; when the latter was touched alone, the answer always was 'to be commended'; when approximating the mastoid process, or over that process, a remarkable placidity, or expression of delight, came over the countenance, and the desire was for 'complacency,' which, when hypnotized, she defined, 'to be civil,' but when awake she seemed at a loss to know what the word meant. On touching 'combativeness,' the placidity of countenance was speedily exchanged for the opposite expression; but on pressure being made immediately above the ears, the most ferocious aspect of countenance was assumed, the breath being suppressed almost to suffocation, the face becoming flushed, with grinding of the teeth; and when the arms were not rigid, the most vigorous

efforts at inflicting violence on all who were within her reach, as several gentlemen can attest to their personal knowledge and sorrow. On pressure being applied to the root of the nose, the idea of seeing different forms, and figures, and colours, seemed to be excited in the mind more vividly when certain points were thus excited; but it could be excited by pressing the integuments against the *under*, as well as *upper* edge of the orbit, with this difference, that the objects seen, or rather spectra excited, were then generally of a painful and distressing character, whereas they were generally of a bright and glowing or cheerful description when excited by acting on the *upper* margin of the orbit. I should observe, that care was taken in all these experiments *not to press against the globe of the eye*. Thus far the phenomena were pretty uniform in this patient, the answers having been generally very much the same when impressed *exactly in the same way, on the same points, and under similar circumstances in all other respects*. Thus, the last day I had an opportunity of testing this patient, I went over the different points four times with scarcely the slightest variation in the answers, as can be testified by several gentlemen who were present; and they were again repeated two or three times the same evening with like results. This patient was operated on the previous day in presence of several professional and scientific gentlemen, when several answers were given different. More than one being operating on that occasion, and the manner and degree of touching the parts being different, might be the cause of the varied results. I am satisfied this patient knew nothing of phrenology, and that she remembered nothing of what she said or was done to her during these operations."

And again:—

"Having heard Mr. Hall state, that patients who had stolen any thing would always seek out the persons from whom it had been taken, and restore it to them after conscientiousness was excited, and that they would find out the rightful owner whatever part of the room he had removed to, I was curious to prove this. My first object was to ascertain whether it was a fact, which I very soon did with my own patients, and my next object was to ascertain by *what means they accomplished this*, and I readily determined it was by *smell and touch*. The first thing they did, on rousing conscientiousness, was to look thoughtful, then they began sniffing, and traced out the parties robbed, and restored it to them. When asked, what are you doing? the answer was, 'I am giving back something which I had stolen.' On being asked, how do you know the person? (having gone to the opposite side of the room), the answer was, 'I smell them, or him.' Every time the experiment was tried, the result was the same, and the answer the same, as was obvious to every one in the room. Another patient did the same *when the sense of smell was acute*, but when I tried the experiment with the *sense of smell dulled*, the stolen article was merely laid down, without giving it to the proper person. There was thus both positive and negative proof of exalted smell being the cause of them restoring to the proper party; and feeling directs as to place. I have found this done with the same promptitude and certainty when six, eight, or twelve faculties have been roused and manifested before conscientiousness was excited. I have found this the same in all I have tried, only some will throw the articles down as if horror-struck."

Surely these are sufficiently well attested to justify inquiry if not to command credence.

"At a conversazione a few days after, in the presence of Lady S. Sir Thomas Arbuthnot, Colonel Arbuthnot, Major Wilbraham, John Frederick Foster, Esq. Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, D. Maude, Esq. stipendiary magistrate, and many others, both gentlemen and ladies, after exhibiting the phenomena on those who had been previously tested, there was a wish expressed to see some one operated on *for the first time*. I offered to try any one present, and a lady at length consented, whom I never saw before that day nor since. She exhibited all the usual phenomena very decidedly. Under 'acquisitiveness,' she stole two handkerchiefs from ladies, and a ring from Mr. Foster's finger. After several manifestations had been exhibited, the moment I touched 'conscientiousness,' she seemed distressed, and set off and searched out the proper parties to whom to restore the respective articles. They had changed places, but she found them out, and gave back the handkerchiefs to their owners, and also put the ring on the very finger of Mr. Foster from which she had taken it. She was a strict methodist, who had never danced in her life, and who, if awake, would have considered it a sin to dance. However, under the excitement of suitable music, she cut a very good figure at waltzing. When awakened, she remembered nothing of all which had happened."

"Miss L. a lady of twenty-one years of age, very accomplished, and with great energy of mind, braved me to try to hypnotize her. She felt assured I could not do so. However, she was very soon under the influence, and gave twenty manifestations in the most

decided manner. Under friendship and adhesiveness, and destructiveness on the opposite side, she protected me, and struck her own mother. She knew only one organ, and was inclined to scoff at hypnotism, and still more so at phreno-hypnotism. Under form and ideality she wrote very nicely, without the use of her eyes, but by no means equal to what she does when awake. When awakened she seemed surprised when told what had happened. She remembered me touching her head, wondered what I was doing it for, said she felt different impulses arise when I was manipulating different parts, but did not know why, nor could she remember what she had done."

And again:—

"A few days ago, one of these patients, who knows no foreign language, when imitation and tune were excited, followed correctly both the music and words of Italian, French, and German songs, which she never heard till they were played and sung by the wife of a learned barrister, who was also present himself, and who, with the Rev. Mr. F. and his lady, can bear testimony to the great accuracy of her performance. Such is the power of hypnotism."

Mr. BRAID contends that he has established the following points:—

"1st. That the effect of a continued fixation of the mental and visual eye in the manner, and with the concomitant circumstances pointed out, is to throw the nervous system into a new condition, accompanied with a state of somnolence, and a tendency, according to the mode of management, of exciting a variety of phenomena, very different from those we obtain either in ordinary sleep, or during the waking condition. 2nd. That there is at first a state of high excitement of all the organs of special sense, sight excepted, and a great increase of muscular power; and that the senses afterwards become torpid in a much greater degree than what occurs in natural sleep. 3rd. That in this condition we have the power of directing or concentrating nervous energy, raising or depressing it in a remarkable degree, at will, locally or generally. 4th. That in this state, we have the power of exciting or depressing the force and frequency of the heart's action, and the state of the circulation, locally or generally, in a surprising degree. 5th. That whilst in this peculiar condition, we have the power of regulating and controlling muscular tone and energy in a remarkable manner and degree. 6th. That we also thus acquire a power of producing rapid and important changes in the state of the capillary circulation, and of the whole of the secretions and excretions of the body, as proved by the application of chemical tests. 7th. That this power can be beneficially directed to the cure of a variety of diseases which were most intractable, or altogether incurable, by ordinary treatment. 8th. That this agency may be rendered available in moderating or entirely preventing, the pain incident to patients whilst undergoing surgical operations. 9th. That during hypnotism, by manipulating the cranium and face, we can excite certain mental and bodily manifestations, according to the parts touched."

The second part of this interesting treatise is devoted to the applications of hypnotism to the use of diseases, and a multitude of cases are cited in which the most astonishing results have been produced in defective sight, smell, hearing, paralysis, rheumatism, spinal affections, epilepsy, neuralgia, locked jaw, hydrophobia, indeed, in all *nervous* affections; and the surgical operations that have been performed without pain to the patient are now so numerous, that it needs some hardihood to deny their reality. Mr. BRAID gives minute directions for the application of hypnotism to disease; but for this, as well as for the details of the cases and the ingenious remarks with which they are illustrated, we must refer the reader to the volume, which is within reach of the pocket of every person who really feels an interest in the progress and prospects of mesmerism.

Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. By THOMAS JOSEPH PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A. Churchill.

THIS is one of a very popular class of books, because the lazy student is enabled by means of them to cheat himself into the belief that he is labouring at his profession, when in truth he is only amusing himself with an historical romance. Though professing to be a work of science, Mr. Pettigrew's book is nothing of the kind; it is simply a collection of memoranda, gathered in the course of desultory reading, without much investigation into authorities, or much care bestowed upon the sifting of the wheat from the chaff, the his-

torical from the legendary, the fact from the fiction, the one object of the collector being to amuse by the strangeness of his stories.

And, indeed, the history of medicine is rife with superstitions, not a few of which have lingered to our own day, the result of the system of education which so absurdly withholds from the child even the most elementary knowledge of his own physiology and anatomy; therefore it is not uncommon to hear in society, otherwise well taught, the most egregious nonsense gravely propounded relative to the causes and cure of disease, and remedies recommended as absurd as any that our ancestors were wont to dose themselves withal.

Mr. PETTIGREW's publication is calculated to do some service by shaming men into acquiring a better knowledge of the human frame before they talk about it, or prescribe for it, and for this it deserves encouragement, and we hope to see it very generally introduced into families, not as a means of satisfying inquiry, but to stimulate it. As a book of mere amusement it will be found as attractive as any romance, and few who open it will fail to read it to the end. He describes the many superstitions that have surrounded the science and the practice of medicine from the earliest ages to the present times, and a strange record of human credulity it is. As a specimen of the pleasant gossiping manner in which he has accomplished his task, take the following amusing passage, which will, we hope, tempt to a further acquaintance with the volume whence it is extracted:—

"During the reigns of James I. and Charles I., a popular belief prevailed in the sympathetic cure of wounds. Sir Kenelm Digby, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., an eccentric genius, described by Dr. Walter Charleton as 'a noble person, who hath built up his reason to so transcendent a height of knowledge, as may seem not much beneath the state of man in innocence,' discoursed before an assembly of nobles and learned men at Montpellier, in France, 'touching the cure of wounds by the powder of sympathy,' and professed to have the merit of introducing the same into this quarter of the world. Mr. James Howel, a gentleman celebrated by his 'Dendrologia,' and other works, in endeavouring to part two of his friends in a duel, received a severe wound of his hand. Alarmed at this accident, one of the combatants bound up the cut with his garter, took him home, and sent for assistance. The king, upon hearing of the event, sent one of his own surgeons to attend him; but as in the course of four or five days the wound was not recovering very favourably, he made application to Sir Kenelm Digby, of whose knowledge regarding some extraordinary remedies for the healing of wounds he had become apprised. Sir Kenelm first inquired whether he possessed any thing that had the blood upon it, upon which Mr. Howel immediately named the garter with which his hand had been bound, which was accordingly sent for. A basin of water being brought, Sir Kenelm put into it a handful of powder of vitriol, and dissolved it therein. He then took the bloody garter, and immersed it in the fluid, while Mr. H. stood conversing with a gentleman in a corner of the room; but he suddenly started, and, upon being asked the reason, replied that he had lost all pain—that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin had passed over his hand, and that the inflammation, which before had been so tormenting, had vanished. He was then advised to lay aside all his plasters, to keep the wound clean, and in a moderate temperature. After dinner the garter was taken out of the basin, and placed to dry before a large fire; but no sooner was this done than Mr. H.'s servant came running to Sir Kenelm, to say that her master's hand had again inflamed, and that it was as bad as before; whereupon the garter was again placed into the liquid, and before the return of the servant all was well and easy again. In the course of five or six days the wound was cicatrised, and a cure performed."

"This case excited considerable attention at the court, and the king, making inquiry respecting it of Sir Kenelm Digby, his majesty learnt that the knight had obtained the secret from a Carmelite friar who had travelled in various parts of the world, and who became possessed of it while journeying in the east. Sir Kenelm communicated it to the king's physician, Dr. Mayerne, whence it passed into many hands, so that there was scarce a country barber but had acquaintance with it."

"It was not at all surprising that cures of the description alluded to should soon be looked upon as the

result of magic, incantations, and other supernatural means; and that the professors of the sympathetic art, therefore, should have been anxious to account for the effects by natural causes. Such appears to have been Sir Kenelm Digby's chief aim before the doctors of Montpellier; and similar reasoning upon the subject may be found in the writings of the supporters of the system already mentioned, who advocated the plan of treatment and vouched for its efficacy. In this search for natural means to account for the phenomenon obtained, the obvious one was overlooked; and the history I have given would be uninteresting but for the valuable practical lesson which these experiments have afforded. We owe to this folly the introduction of one of the first principles of surgery—one which in this country has done more to advance the science than any other beside—one which has saved a vast amount of human suffering, and preserved innumerable lives. The history of the doctrine of healing wounds by the powder of sympathy is the history of adhesion—the history of union by the first intention—a history which, until the time of John Hunter, was never fairly developed, or distinctly comprehended.

"It has been well observed by the late Mr. John Bell, that 'it is an old, but a becoming and a modest thought, that in our profession we are but the ministers of nature; and indeed the surgeon, still more than the physician, achieves nothing by his own immediate power, but does all his services by observing and managing the properties of the living body; where the living principle is so strong and active in every part, that by that energy alone it regenerates any lost substance, or reunites in a more immediate way the more simple wounds.' A wound, in general terms, may be defined to be a breach in the continuity of the soft parts of the body; and an incised wound is the most simple of its kind. These, it must be remembered, were of the description of wounds to which the sympathetic curers resorted, and their secret of cure is to be explained by the rest and quiet which the wounded parts were permitted to enjoy, in opposition to the ordinary treatment under the fallacious doctrine and practice of that day in digesting, mundifying, incarnating, &c. Surgeons in former times seem really by their modes of treatment to have tried how far it was possible to impede instead of to facilitate the processes of nature; and to those who are acquainted with modern surgery it almost appears miraculous that they ever should have been able to have produced union of any wound whatever. What is the mode of treatment now employed by the surgeon in the healing of a wound? To clear it from extraneous matter, to bring the edges into apposition, to keep them in contact by a proper bandage, to modify temperature, and to give rest. What is this but the mode of procedure on the part of the sympathetic curers? They washed the wound with water, kept it clean and undisturbed, and in a few days the union of parts—the process of adhesion—was perfected, and the cure was complete. The doctrine of adhesion, the exudation of lymph, the junction of old, or the formation of new vessels, and the consequent agglutination of parts, was then ill understood; subtle, and in many instances it must be admitted, ingenious reasons were resorted to, to account for the effects produced, and the true solution of the process was overlooked—the effect was apparent, but the cause was obscure.

"The rapidity with which a restoration of the continuity of parts is effected is astonishing. It is not at all uncommon to find after operations a union of the severed parts, to a very considerable extent, produced in twenty-four, thirty-six, or forty-eight hours. I have seen the whole surface of an amputated limb healed in the course of three days. The reported cures, therefore, of the sympathetic doctors are easily to be credited, and the mystery connected with it dispelled by the lights of modern surgery and physiology. It is worthy of remark that gun-shot wounds never can heal by the adhesive process, and that in no instance does it appear that attempts were made by the sympathists to interfere in these cases. Their operations were judiciously confined to simple incised wounds; and these we have seen are of a description readily to unite if properly cleansed, brought together, and left undisturbed."

POLITICS.

Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829. Part II.
Newby, 1844.

WITH the political views of this publication we have no concern. As a literary production it has great merit; the writer has observed and thought, and he expresses himself with vigour. He is by no means free from partialities, and not unfrequently may personal spite be traced in the severe blows he hits right and left upon all parties in their turn, his leanings, however, being evidently towards the Orange

party. The argument of this volume maintains that the existence of the Irish Established Church is essential to the existence of the Union; for that if it be abandoned, the Orange party would have no further regard for the English connection, and would join the claimants of nationality. The review of Irish affairs to which this second part is devoted extends from the time of the Grey Ministry to the present, and is interspersed with racy sketches of all the personages who have figured prominently in Irish affairs during that period. This is the most interesting portion of the book, and from these portraits we take, by way of specimen,

THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY

"Was a man characteristically fitted for the task of administering regular laws, and as essentially unsuited to the business of propounding new ones. In a trite quotation of Pope might be found his views of government, which he deemed a matter of personal skill, and not of political science. In politics strictly so called he might have been pronounced a sceptic. He appeared not to be aware that the contest, even in agitated times, is as much between principles as between parties. As there never was a man of his personal resolution with so little of what was overbearing or tyrannical, so probably there never was a governing mind with so much toleration of fanaticism, and at the same time such little respect for popular convictions. Lord Wellesley—the fact is curious—was liberal, because he rated very low the moral power of the multitude. It was not in his disposition to be splenetic or contemptuous, and his views of human nature were rather generous and noble; but for men huddled together in masses, or for what crowds of any kind thought, he had not the slightest feeling of respect. He cared little for general opinion, except so far as it was entitled to a conventional respect; but his indifference did not so much spring from a philosophical contempt for prejudices, as from his depreciating the worth of the mere multitude of men.

"Those who knew him most intimately in Ireland, and who had occasion, whether in military or legal capacity, to listen to the expression of his wishes, will assuredly concur in the ascription to Lord Wellesley of a certain Orientalism of bearing, more suitable to an Asiatic dignitary than a British peer. Not that he was pompous, bombastic, or absurd—his taste and great mind preserved him from the ridiculous; but it was evident to those around him, in *lesser authority than himself*, that he affected a subdued majesty of carriage, and that at heart he preferred the elevation of a splendid despot with arbitrary power to the rank of a mere constitutional statesman acting in a responsible capacity.

"In politics he was too much of a connoisseur, and in forming his opinions upon men and things, allowed too great a sway to his feelings of refinement. For racy and simple nature he had no appreciation, and he wished that every thing should be in full costume. His Liberalism (such as it was) sprang from no quick resentment of wrong, but from the acquired feelings of a man mingling in political strife. He was deficient in some of the finest qualities that are necessary to a first-class English statesman. His character wanted the charm of earnestness, and his low opinion of the multitude contributed to deaden his feelings on party politics into a stoical and well-bred insouciance. As he had nothing of the austerity or Puritanism of Grey, so neither had he any of the haughty earl's moral obstinacy and perversity of disposition.

What, then, was it that impressed all who approached him with such lofty notions of the greatness of his mind and character?

"It was his personal superiority to the mob of politicians, whether composed of peers or paupers; it was his majestic calmness of soul, unruffled by a single paltry feeling; it was his classical simplicity, the result of careful training and familiarity with lofty historical models; it was the artistic candour of his manners, and his directness in all affairs of business. Such were the qualities, united with his high breeding and extensive acquirements, that dazzled those who approached him. There was a certain greatness in his mien also, which was particularly striking; for assuredly none of his contemporaries, whether sovereigns or statesmen, could assume the august with such perfect propriety as Lord Wellesley. His deportment, when he chose, was imitatively impressive, and he possessed the art of making it appear perfectly natural.

"On problematical questions—such as the reform of a political system, and similar topics—he was apparently apathetic; and his mind was never quickened by the eagerness of hope, or agitated by any speculative alarms. He thought that, so long as the British constitution would stand, our political affairs would always go on much in the same way, and that nothing but the entire subversion of the constitutional system would make any sensible difference in English society. Hence the perfect calmness with which he viewed changes that roused the fears of his wisest contemporaries.

"He was, indeed, an admirable administrator of affairs, for his habits were regular, and he was constant in purpose; his mind was tranquil, and he was sagacious in his views. He never was popular or unpopular. He followed Burleigh's advice—'Seek not to be Essex, shun to be Raleigh.' His conversation was by no means so interesting as might reasonably have been anticipated. He seldom dropped any remarkable expressions. He appeared to be more at home with military men than with lawyers or active politicians. It is also a curious fact, that the military officials in Ireland understood his character, and appreciated his abilities, far more than the members of the learned profession."

FICTION.

The Jewess; a Tale from the Shores of the Baltic.
By the Author of "Letters from the Baltic."
Second Edition. London. Murray.

THIS little book, from the simplicity and power with which it is written, and the interesting facts it relates are alike deserving of notice. It is a short romance of real life, wherein the characters are drawn with ease and truth, while the slight sketches of manners and customs are conveyed in the same pleasing style which characterized "The Letters from the Baltic." The scene is laid near the ancient city of Narva, on the eastern shores of the Gulf of Finland. Here, upon the very summit of a towering cliff, a noble mansion has been built, from which was witnessed part of the anxious scenes detailed below. We will give a slight description of its inhabitants.

"In one of the many apartments of the lower story, which usually in houses of this rank is entirely appropriated to the numerous retinue of servants, there was gathered together a most picturesque group. At a long table, which divided the room lengthways, and wrapped in the tanned sheep-skin which covers alike the Russian, the Finlander, and the inhabitant of the Baltic provinces, stood a man with a short, black, curling beard, and quick piercing glance, busily engaged in unpacking and displaying the various contents of a huge pack; while around him, with every variety of active and passive curiosity expressed in their countenances, were congregated a group of female household servants. The younger women wore their hair, generally most profuse in quantity, carefully braided and disposed around the head, not unlike a picture by Raphael, while the matrons of the party were distinguished by high helmet-shaped caps, of every colour, decorated behind with long flowing ribbons. Some of these neat-handed Phillises were already employed in a close examination of the folds of silks, or print, or rolls of soft woollen material, which the pedlar was unwrapping, while others, less venturesome, stood leaning with their elbows on the table in perfect wonderment of the treasures, or whispered some joke at their bolder companions' expense, which, though it elicited much mirth at the time, might not, perhaps, appear quite so witty if translated here. On the other side of the room, in irregular groups, sat as many as twelve or fourteen spinners, all enrobed in gay striped petticoats of native manufacture, with coarse cloth jackets, short waisted, and of a dull grey or blue colour, though a few of the number, tacitly confessing they were too hot, a fact which this warmth-loving northern people very rarely admit, had thrown off this upper garment, displaying thereby to view their coarse crimped shifts, all embroidered with more or less labour in coloured silks, or studded with slender spangles. All of these spinning nymphs wore their long hair, utterly uncurbed by cap, comb, or ribbons, in smooth, rope-like tresses on their shoulders and bosoms. It would seem, indeed, as if this national coiffure, worn among the lower peasantry by man and woman alike, had been adopted expressly to favour the national quality—for we will not call it virtue—of bashfulness; for not only do the women of all ages hang their heads in the presence of a superior, at an angle sufficiently acute for their pendent locks effectually to hide their blushing countenances, but even the male peasants themselves, in moments of particular embarrassment, by no means disdain to fall back upon the same ready protection. Occupying a considerable space at one end of the room was an immense stove, built of large slabs of brick, whose colours, varying through all the shades of red and brown, seemed emblematical of their temperature. At this, a stout kitchen girl, attired much in the same costume as her spinning sisters, was busied alternately putting in and taking out the large dark rye loaves, which hardly differed in appearance from the logs which fed the fire. On the same side was a door leading to a smaller apartment which communicated with the outer air, in the open portal of which stood a few sturdy peasants, with their sandaled feet, long coats girded at the waist, and flowing locks, while behind them were seen a couple more engaged in sharpening their pikes, preparatory to a seal hunt. Such were the many

tenants of this room; but one yet remains to be mentioned, and one whose appearance, to gentle eyes, was more interesting than that of all the rest. On a rough chair, close to the door we have described, and thrown into deep light and shade by a high window, sat a youthful female figure, so youthful, indeed, that it seemed impossible that the sleeping child which hung in a kind of sling before her should be her own. But on looking in her face, a certain languid expression, which bespoke the cares of the matron and mother, though clothed in the round contours of the tenderest girlish youth, was distinctly visible; her beauty was great—in truth too great to be fully appreciated by the company in which she now sat, for she was pale as marble; her features were delicate and regular, and her large violet blue eyes gazed upon the spectator with an unconscious pathos, as if lamenting the little sympathy they found. Her dress was poor, even tattered; an old *kusavika*, or half-cloak, lined with fur, hung negligently upon her, and barely covered her small round arms, and nothing betrayed her real origin except her head, which was bound in a turban of indubitable Hebrew form. This also told her history, for in the mixture of loftiness and gentleness which her countenance expressed seemed equally united the sense of her people's wrongs and their habits of passive endurance. She sat with an air of perfect unconcern, now looking listlessly at the busy party, or at the strapping damsel at the oven, who with her red face and fat arms, and fragrant steaming load, looked the very personification of vulgar plenty.

"You have a large batch there, Matuschka," said the young stranger, at length breaking silence, and seemingly indifferent how she began the conversation. "No more than we shall want," answered the red-faced scullion; "we have none to spare for Jews."

"If you keep your bread till I ask you for it, it will be stale," was the laconic reply. And here doubtless the Christian damsel would have found an equally charitable retort, had not all further conversation been arrested by the entrance of another individual. This was no less a personage than the lady of the house summoned to view these wares, of which she alone was likely to become a purchaser."

She was an English lady, and we believe a relative of the writer. Her attention is presently excited by the lovely Jewess, and her interest awakened by discovering the yet girlish being could be the wife of the bargaining pedlar. While all are deeply absorbed in the investigation of his "multifarious pack," they are discovered by the *Strandreiters*, or coast guard, whom many late acts of illegal traffic had incited to unusual watchfulness. We must premise that the appointment of a new officer to this post, whose character was well known, both for courage and cruelty, and who scrupled not to take the law into his own hands, and execute it with extreme barbarity, rendered the fear of detection, and consequent punishment, so overpowering, that the smugglers were willing to endure any alternative rather than fall into his hands. There are yet a few moments to form a plan of escape, and it is decided that the Jew and his wife shall accompany three peasants on the point of starting for seal-hunting, to the island of Hochland, several miles from the coast, which they proposed reaching by means of the ice, and which would afford the smugglers a safe retreat for a few days, until the care of the *Strandreiters* had turned into another channel. To accomplish this in all speed, they must leave behind them every incumbrance. The anxious pedlar has his goods securely hidden among the snow, and even the young child must be left under the care of the sympathizing lady. This parting scene between the mother and her sleeping infant is feelingly written:—

"The Jewess's tears were falling fast upon the cheek of the slumberer. 'Nay, put your trust in God—the God of us all; with His blessing you will be back in a few days, and Matvei shall be as one of my own children. I won't be a bad mother to him,' she said, trying to smile, 'let me take him.' The Jewess did not articulate a word, or could not; but slowly and clumsily she was unfolding the bandages by which the child hung before her, and with every loosened knot seemed to be tearing her heartstrings asunder. At length the child lay free from all support, save only her circling arms, which were cold and blue with the absence of that blood which seemed to be choking her heart. She did not trust herself to kiss it, but with a solemnity which gave her young features an unnatural expression, she laid her treasure on the bosom of the English lady."

"May the Lord do unto your children as you do unto my Matvei, and may you never know—" here her voice failed, and, turning away, she walked rapidly from the door. But the transition from the damp, rough folds that hung over the mother's breast, to the delicate linen which covered the fair round shoulder of the Englishwoman, had disturbed the slumberer, and opening his deep blue eyes to the strange

face and folded tresses of the stranger, he set up a cry, which the lady as quickly tried to stifle with the handkerchief with which she had wiped her own unconscious tears. Short and low as was that sound, the mother's ear had caught it; and now, as if beyond all power of self-control, back she bounded, like an animal who hears the call of its young.

"Oh, Matvei, Matvei! *moya du schenka! mor golubitkhik!* how could I leave you—I, your own mother, who never left you for a moment before?"—and then suddenly seizing the lady, who had with difficulty hindered her from resuming the infant, with a convulsive grasp, "Oh, Sudarina, Sudarina! take him away, if you would not see my heart break—take him away! I can't follow the father with Matvei before my eyes, I can't—I can't—" and here the good housekeeper interposing led the poor distressed creature away; and the lady, with her strange burthen, escaped from this trying scene."

Even before the rapid activity of the *Strandreiters* had surrounded the house, the fugitives were firmly crossing the frozen surface of the Baltic. The subsequent account of the house-search, &c. is well given, and still better the deep anxiety of the lady for the safety of the fugitives through the long heavy night. The following day her fears are too closely verified; she hears that "the ice is broken up, and the gulf is open; and so it proved. By one of those rare movements, when winds and hidden currents combine, not known once in twenty years, the sea had cleared itself of the main portion of the ice in the space of one night. And the poor fugitives!—where were they?"

"It appeared that the party had proceeded on their way at a good speed, and with cheerful spirits, the track being uninterrupted, save by a few cracks of no importance, and deep water, which at all times occur, and where the party had loitered to secure two seals, which they left dying where they had killed them. The light drifting snow which blew from the land obscured the view before them; nevertheless, they apprehended no impediment; and it was to the surprise of the most experienced, and to the consternation of the whole party, that they found themselves, after what seemed to them a walk of about eighteen wersts, stopped by open sea. They now resolved to return at all hazards, and for the Jew's sake, land higher up; but the wind from the land side increased, and greatly fatigued them; and they had not retraced their steps above half-an-hour when they were further appalled by that dull crashing sound which accompanies the separation of large fields of ice, and redoubling their speed, found themselves again arrested by open water. On all sides now the ice began to shift, and after desperate but fruitless attempts to escape in a northern or southern direction, it became apparent that they were enclosed upon a floating mass not less than from three to four wersts in circumference, and separated by about half a werst from the main ice which encompassed the shore."

"It was some hours before they gave up the hope of immediate escape from their forlorn situation, independent even of the promised assistance from the shore; for the current drove them sometimes nearer to the beds of ice which bordered the strand; but as evening drew on, the breeze from the shore freshened again, and the huge bark of ice drifted rapidly out to sea. Hitherto the dog, which belonged to Juhanu, and which he had motioned back, had been the only complainer; for, seeing his master's receding figure, and comprehending, perhaps, by instinct, the danger of their situation, he began to howl and whine most piteously, keeping guard, at the same time, upon the sheepskin which Juhanu had thrown off. Rose was the only one who attempted to comfort the poor animal; patting and caressing him, she sat herself down close to the edge, looking stedfastly towards the diminishing square mass of the house upon the cliff which remained distinct against the sky, as long as the sky itself had any light. But few words were exchanged; the peasants, naturally taciturn in disposition, stood leaning on their pikes towards the centre of the floating field, occasionally sustaining a low dialogue, while the pedlar wandered restlessly between them and his wife, without addressing himself to either. The expression on the countenance of the Hebrew fair was widely different; the knit brow, the fever gathered on the cheek of the Jew, shewed the anxiety that was preying within; while Rose was pale, gentle, and quiet, like one accustomed to take and bear whatever necessity imposed upon her equally without inquiring or even understanding its object. Seeing her husband near, she said, 'Shall we soon reach the shore?' The Jew averted his face, and answered something, but so indistinctly that she heard it not, and then walked towards the peasants. Shortly after the party called to her, and bade her come nearer the centre. 'It is best to be in the middle of such an awkward raft, young wife,' said Maddis; 'the edges will break away.' Rose took up the sheepskin, to which the dog made no opposition, and, followed by the animal, joined the others. They now produced their stores of provisions, each respectively eating his

own, and then spreading the surplus sheepskin, arranged themselves in a sitting posture, back to back, and so determined to await the dawn. The night was mild, and, fatigued with their exertions, some of the party sunk to sleep. With the first streaks of morning Maddis arose, and approaching the edge, stood with folded arms, his long locks waving in the wind. In a moment a step was at his side—it was the Jewess. 'When do you think we shall touch land again?' said she, with a suppressed voice. 'Look around you, young wife'—and as he said this, he pointed, not ungracefully, to an horizon of waves which encompassed them; 'this is not a question for a poor man like me to answer, but *Jumala* (God) can do much.' The Jewess groaned. 'This is rough work for a young thing like you. I thought you had been asleep.' 'Tis but poor sleep the body can take when the heart is not at rest,' answered Rose. 'You have left a *pailo* on shore,' he added with abrupt sympathy. 'Well, poor thing, your heart may well ache; a child is dearer than all, they say, though it was not God's will that I should have one. But my old father and mother will look often across the gulf, and wish me back.' 'I pity your mother,' said Rose, and then rejoining her husband and instinctively clinging together, though without uttering a word of what they mutually felt, the unfortunate pair wandered desolately up and down."

Days of dreadful suffering passed over them. Expecting each morning would be their last—for the edges of their ice-island broke away unceasingly, until it only remained a space of twenty-four feet across—they were almost famished by want of food, and benumbed by the intense cold, while the Jew himself, the involuntary cause of all, lay unconscious beside his wife, parched by a burning fever.

"As the eighth morning dawned it became evident to their eager eyes that the horizon was broken by a line of elevated shore. This auspicious sight was hailed with a burst of wild joy by the three forlorn creatures, to whom the mere change of thought was a relief beyond what other happier mortals can conceive, and yet madly to dare to hope, when so many weary miles lay between them and the longed-for haven, when their only chance depended on the caprice of those very winds and currents of which they had hitherto been the sport, and when that escape, even were it within their reach, they in their weakened state had hardly the strength left to grasp; to hope thus, merely because it was sweet to hope, thus wantonly to overthrow, for a few hours of falacious pleasure, that habit of misery which had dulled its acuteness, that resignation which had been wrestled for with tears and anguish,—this, indeed, seemed greater cruelty than all which had gone before. On the other hand, to repress that merciful feeling without which the life of man were worse than death—to deny the cravings of their own pining hearts—to steel their senses when a reprieve was in sight, this seemed crueler far and was impossible. The sun rose bright—the frost was intense, and the lights and shadows into which the rocky coast was thrown became gradually more distinguishable. As noon wore round, the sea sank—they floated slower and slower, and at length seemed to become stationary, and as evening approached they owned to each other, less by words than looks of despair, that the wind had veered round, and that that distant shore, that harbinger of hope and peace to their failing hearts, that promise of food, warmth, and rest to their famished bodies, was fast sinking below the horizon. Who may now tell the agony of their feelings, they seemed not to know how delicious had been that brief glimpse of hope, nor how far they had indulged it, till it was snatched from their grasp; accents of despair, loud and bitter, now escaped from their lips, and even the pious Maddis flung himself prostrate upon the ice in miserable despondence."

On the ninth day they were rescued, after incredible exertions, by the inhabitants of the little island of Pilling, near the coast of Finland. The unfortunate Jew "only recovered to know he was safe, and died the second day after his landing." Some months after, Rose returned to her benefactress to claim her child, and, we are told, never again quitted her roof. We must apologize for our copious extracts by referring to the great interest of the story, and the charming style of its narrator; but we feel little doubt that our readers already hold us excused,

Tales. By a BARRISTER. 3 vols. London, 1844. Chapman and Hall.

READER! Do not suppose these *Tales* resemble the swarm which annually issue from the workshops of the book-manufacturers. The author has a well-defined object—an object of practical, every-day usefulness, partly springing from his professional experience, yet in principle appertaining to all who mingle in the active business of life. He has seen the

evils that occur to persons in every rank, and more especially the wide ruin brought upon friends and dependants by habits of over-trustfulness. He laments and blames the utter ignorance which educated and even commercial men endure, and sometimes pride themselves upon, with respect to the simplest legal matters; and yet no one can go through life and fulfil his duties as a citizen and as a neighbour without participating in transactions where such ignorance will leave him and all who are connected with him at the mercy of the designing and dishonest. This ignorance of law—which we have Blackstone's authority for considering as unworthy of an English gentleman—leads men to put a blind reliance upon their professional adviser, and they too often forget to consider his moral fitness for the trust they repose in him, and vainly fancy that a knowledge of law will bring with it upright and conscientious principles. This same habit of over-trustfulness is often adopted towards trustees and other agents of every description; but it is so universal with reference to the legal profession, that all who consider the subject must agree with the author's just observation in the preface, that the comparative infrequency of these evils being inflicted by legal men is only owing to the good faith and general high character of the great majority of the class to which they belong.

Those who suffer from the frauds of others may, we think, be divided into three classes: those who from indolence trust too much to others; those who, from their own frank, unsuspicious nature, fall into the same error; and those who, seeking a royal road to wealth, leave their proper pursuits for some scheme or speculation, and by a just punishment often suddenly lose all their habitual prudence and good sense. The first and the third class deserve no pity; and the frame of mind which the second enjoy so far outbalances their individual sufferings, that if they stood alone in the world, without families or friends to whom watchful protection and thoughtful care are due, we should hardly wish them to become imbued with any cold prudential maxims. But few thus stand alone. It is the duty of all, therefore, to avoid this over-trustfulness, which is far oftener a fault than a virtue.

There will be a difference of opinion as to the degree of self-protection that would be derived from a general acquaintance with law, but none will disagree with us and the author as to the folly—nay, almost the wickedness—of the *laissez faire* system so often adopted by the first and third classes.

The *Tales* most forcibly expose the faults of the third class, as the author has, unconsciously, perhaps, drawn from the class most common at the present time, as well as the most pernicious. They are closely allied to, if not engendered by, the characteristic of the age—the worship of appearances—the aping what we are not—the pursuit of happiness in splendour, and not in the quiet enjoyment of the pleasures provided in external nature, and in the intellectual and moral world within us in such boundless profusion.

We must now proceed to a more minute consideration of the *Tales*, by the thoughtful and sound character of which these introductory remarks were suggested.

They are four in number, and all are such natural pictures of real life, that we can almost believe they happened within the sphere of the writer's own observation. The first is entitled "The Power of Attorney," in which a young officer signs a power of attorney sent to him by his army agent, innocently supposing it to be a power to receive dividends only, while in fact it is also an absolute power to sell. The thrifty, pains-taking agent, Moreton, "that would never spend a bawbee more than he could help," had married a would-be fine lady, taken a mansion in Grosvenor-street, given magnificent parties, and outrun his income. Still, appearances must be kept up, and all within his power must therefore be plundered. Captain Manton's ignorance and carelessness have given him the opportunity, of which he avails himself, and the captain is compelled to hurry home from Gibraltar to retrieve his fortunes, and console himself as best he can for the loss of his Majority. The story is well worked out: Clara, his betrothed, is admirably drawn; and the finale is satisfactory to all parties. There are several incidental sketches of military life—such as the embarkation of troops, and guard-mounting at Gibraltar—poured with such spirit and truth, that we have little doubt that the toga has superseded the epaulettes.

Clara's own description of her self-education by means of observation is well worthy of extract:—

"Finding the opinions and habits of most of my sex so different from my own, I endeavoured to discover wherein their superiority consisted. I found that the women who had followed most closely the maxims of the world, and had succeeded in securing a splendid matrimonial establishment, could hardly point to their own happiness in support of the wisdom of their plan, even in cases where they were considered unusually successful. There was seldom any real union between them and their husbands; nothing of that similarity of taste or feeling, that community of pleasures, that confidence founded on mutual affection and esteem, that consciousness of being every thing to each other, without which marriage is indeed a tie, but nothing else. If the state of the married was not very enviable, that of the single was less so. To me, accustomed to unusual freedom, their lives appeared passed under a system of petty restraints and annoyances imposed for no conceivable purpose. The use of all their faculties, both mental and bodily, seemed absolutely forbidden them, and this odious oppression continued long after the age at which some excuse might be found for it. The conclusion I drew was, that if the self-control and instruction to which I had been abandoned were to be lamented, I had at least no reason to envy those who had enjoyed the advantages of the usual routine to which our sex is subjected."

The "Receipt" is a little home scene of real life, illustrating the danger of paying bills in cash without a witness or taking a receipt.

The "Purchase" is founded on fact, and affords an admirable example of the third of the classes into which we have divided the sufferers from fraud.

It opens with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay and their daughter Emily at a fashionable watering-place. Mr. Barclay is a West Indian merchant of high integrity and prudence. Mrs. Barclay has been educated "in the correct style" at a fashionable boarding-school, whose banes of female excellence, and, with a head and heart alike empty, has married for a good establishment. The house in Harley-street is undergoing improvements and embellishments, and the time is to be passed quietly if possible at W—. How little likely Mr. Barclay is to find himself happy may be surmised from the delineation given by the author of those places in general.

"To see how incapable a really thorough-bred Englishman is of down-right positive indolence, you have only to meet him at one of the numerous watering-places on the coast, where every thing is so carefully provided for him, and all means of occupation so entirely removed, that he can have no other employments than those of eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, and strolling. The first week indeed is supportable enough,—the novelty of gazing on the sea the first thing in the morning, and the last at night,—the pleasure of buying one's own shrimps for breakfast,—the meeting with so many strange faces on the beach, and the excursions to see the different lions in the neighbourhood, will occupy that space well enough. People even begin to think they are made for such a life. It is so pleasant to have every thing done to your hand,—to go out and in as often as you like without even the trouble of opening or knocking at the door, which is purposely left open,—to be greeted with the smiles of your landlady, who assures you that the place suits you charmingly, and that you are looking so much better already,—and to be capped by all the tradesmen, who pay you so much respect, and seem to think so much of your importance. All this is pleasant enough; but, like every thing else, the charm soon wears off. The sun, which seems to have joined in the plot to delude you by shining brilliantly through the week, ceases to appear,—one unbroken expanse of dreary clouds succeeds, and a drizzling rain, which seems to change the aspect of every thing around you, falls from morning till evening,—the visitors, you discover, are a set of miserable-looking invalids, who have come abroad in search of a bath of beauty,—your landlady smiles as usual; but it is always in the same way, and her salutation is in the same words. Meanwhile the accommodations appear to be any thing but what they were:—the windows rattle in their frames like those of a post chaise at full gallop, the chairs and sofas are so rickety, you are afraid to trust your weight upon them; and the first time you try a fire, you are enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which drives you to the beach, whence the rain sends you to the news-room, where your only resource is to spell through the newspaper of the day before, unless you prefer trying a game at billiards with two or three non-descript looking men, who seem to be sharper, but who are perhaps as innocent and unfortunate as yourself. You have, however, one resource, provided you are a bachelor,—and strength and courage revive at the thought. You can rush back to your lodgings, pack up your portmanteau, take your

place in the coach, pay an extra week's rent for default of warning, and regain the smoke and din of London, with its stirring bustle and excitement; which, though all the world assures you they will prove your destruction, you find absolutely necessary to your existence. But every man is not a bachelor; and it is seldom that a Benedict can be quite so prompt either in his resolutions or his movements."

Whilst here, Mr. Barclay becomes acquainted with Mr. Herbert, a gentleman living upon what is supposed to be his own property. The good-humoured, open countenance, frank manners, and commercial knowledge of his new acquaintance win upon his confidence, and he listens with great interest to the landed proprietor's scheme of laying out his estate in building speculations. Being dissatisfied with his own position in the business, and his wife's progressing expenditure demanding some more lucrative employment of his capital, he is caught in the trap laid for him, and offers to purchase the property. Forgetting his business habits because entering a new sphere, he, without further inquiry, pays down a large portion of the money, and gives bills for the remainder. Troops of workmen commence operations. Mrs. Barclay is reconciled because the buildings are on a large scale, and indulges at once her love of elegance and her desire to please rich relations by naming the place Stack-ville, and satisfied that they shall now rise in the world, considers it quite time that her daughter Emily should forget the poor naval officer to whom she is engaged.

Emily, however, was a generous-hearted girl, who measured not character and worth by gentility, and saw no reason why Charles Howard should be discarded, even if her parents should become more wealthy by the new speculations. Mr. Barclay soon finds the expenses exceed the estimate, and is glad to sell one of the houses to a wary Scotchman. The scene in which this bargain is struck is capital, but too long for us to extract. But Mr. MacCleverty must know that the title is good before he pays his money. This leads to the disclosure of the fraud practised by Mr. Herbert. The estate had been previously mortgaged, and the Barclays are consequently ruined. They now take up their abode in that strange district lying between Queen-square and Gray's-inn. Mrs. Barclay being of course unfitted to meet the trials of adversity, becomes fretful and querulous; while Emily's good sense and sterling character is the support and solace of both her parents, and her mother is astonished to find that "she was so clever without her knowing it." We have said that the incidents are natural, and we do not except the singular way in which Charles Howard, who is now brought on the scene, discovers the Barclays. Having been foiled in endeavouring to overtake Emily in the street, he overhears in a coffee-house a conversation, in which their names and residence are mentioned. This coincidence is singular; but we cannot forbear quoting a parallel case, which we know actually occurred. A near relative of our own was dining alone in a coffee-room, and heard the gentleman in the adjoining box frequently mention the name of Bromley, in Kent, and then the very school at which he himself had passed part of his boyhood. He could not help listening. Presently he heard, "You recollect Ned W—? I have not seen him these thirty years. I wonder where he is!" "Here," said that identical personage, presenting himself to their astonished eyes.

In treating the characters of the lovers, the author has displayed so much skill and delicacy that, even accustomed as we are to search critically for the reasons, we can hardly account for the interest we feel for them.

Hastening on to the conclusion, we find our wishes and hopes gratified by the discovery that Charles is the heir to the mortgagee of Stack-ville, and Mr. Barclay is, by his generosity, allowed to enjoy the property during his life, when it devolves upon Mr. and Mrs. Charles Howard.

Leaving this story, which, in its execution, is perfect, we reach the more unwelcome part of our task.

Throughout these volumes, we admire the character of the author, as it is plainly reflected by them. The soldier-barrister has well profited by the opportunities for observation so amply afforded by his two professions. His acuteness has been directed by a sound heart, and a manly, healthy tone of thought pervades the whole work. No mawkish sentiment, no aimless generalizations, no weak compromise with principle in obedience to the current notions of the world can be anywhere detected. His satire is always the offspring of good

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feeling, and attacks the evil with a moral force that enlists on its side all our right sympathies, unlike many satirists, whose bitterness is but the outpouring of an evil heart, and which, consequently, rather injures than benefits the cause of good. With these moral qualifications he unites power of expression and simplicity of style, so that in spite of the defects which are principally visible in the "Trustee," we entertain a very high opinion of his fitness to shine in this department of literature. These defects are only the results of inexperience in writing fiction. The "Trustee," excellent as it is in some respects, is a failure as an illustration of the title. The machinery of the plot is imperfect, and the characters not sufficiently connected. He has erred also in the portrait of the rector, for such clergymen are now rare exceptions.

The villain, Price Overley, is not made of sufficient importance, and young Edward Barrington is unworthy of being reclaimed. Nor is there any love story interwoven with the plot, although the incidental account of Major Barrington and Julia is admirable. The story, however, abounds in choice passages, and we have, therefore, the more freely commented upon its defects, satisfied that whoever reads it will join with us in wishing that the *Tales* will meet with the success which they deserve, and that we may again welcome the author with added experience and increased power. We shall give a few more extracts to justify these opinions. The following is a dialogue between a fast but orthodox Cantab, who supposes that inquiry means scepticism, and thoughtfulness irreligion, and his really conscientious hard-reading companion.

"But there's no getting you out of that stiff, queer set of yours. What you can see in them I can't tell;—why there isn't a man among them who can stand a fair night's work."

"Perhaps not, Ned," returned Reynolds; "but worthless as they may be in that respect, there may be some good in them after all."

"Why, I don't know that," said Ned, looking remarkably serious;—"that's just what I doubt. To tell you the truth, I have had something on my mind for a long time about you on that account, and now we are met, I may as well speak out."

"Why, what in the world do you mean?" exclaimed Reynolds.

"You'll not be offended?" replied Ned, looking every moment more mysterious;—"I only speak on your account, you know;—I meddle with no one;—if it weren't for you, they might all go to the devil their own way before I should trouble my head about them."

"Yes, yes,—of course," said Reynolds;—"I understand all that;—but just say, in one word, what it is, for I can't form even a guess at your meaning."

"Well, then," responded Ned, in a lower key, as if he feared the possibility of being overheard, "they do say,—not that I say it, mind,—and I am sure it is not true as to you,—they do say that you are all nothing better than a set of infidels."

"Infidels!" cried his astonished companion;—"infidels!—the fools! or rather the malicious, canting, paltry hypocrites! And pray upon what do they rest their wise conclusion?"

"Why, they say," returned Ned, "that your tables are covered with the works of French and German authors of the infidel class; and that you are all disciples of Voltaire and Bolingbroke."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Reynolds.

"And it is more than suspected," continued his informer, "that the letter which appeared the other day in the *Chronicle*, about the morning chapels, came from one of your set."

"And if it did," said Reynolds, "what does that prove? The letter, if I recollect right, objected only to the hurried and indecent manner in which the service is performed, and recommended that if that cannot be altered, the compulsory attendance at morning chapel should be altogether discontinued. Why, the letter was rather of a religious character than otherwise."

"Very likely," replied Ned, "I never read such things, you know, and therefore I know nothing about it,—I only say what others say. And there's not one of you going into the church, they say,—all, or most of you, going to the bar,—now that does look marked, you know. Besides, you lead such non-descript, queer sort of lives, people don't know what to make of you. If you stuck to tea and Bible meetings, and went about distributing tracts and Testaments, like the Simeonites, why we could understand that,—you know they are looked upon as real orthodox, regular church-going people now, though that was doubted once;—but as for you,—I mean your set, you know,—what with your French wines and your French books, and your half-and-half ways, neither fast nor serious,—why people don't understand it,—and so they set you down for infidels, more especially as you pride yourselves so much upon your reason, and moderation."

"Reason and moderation!" cried Reynolds,—"strange proofs truly of a man being an infidel,—don't you think that is giving rather too much credit to infidelity, Ned?"

"Oh!" replied the latter, "I never enter into argument,—I dare say you can give very good reasons,—I said at first it wasn't true as to you, you know,—of course, I knew that,—but still I thought I would give you warning. No offence, you know. I couldn't mean that. And if you'll just take a fool's advice for once, you'll cut the set. Not that I believe there's anything in it,—far from it, you know; but give a dog a bad name,—you know the proverb,—so you had better give up the set and come and join us. You can't do better. You'll find it a little hard at first, but you'll soon come into it. No fear of our being taken for philosophers, or infidels, or anything of that sort. Indeed, as most of us are going into the church, we are uncommon careful about religion,—we make a point of never mentioning it,—it's one of our rules."

This class is by no means extinct, though we hope rapidly decreasing.

That there may be no misconception of the author's object, we add the following observations on the clerical profession:—

"The sacred office, when entered upon with a proper spirit, offers, even in this world, a greater prospect of rational happiness than any other employment. To have our attention daily called to eternal things, instead of being diverted from them, as is too often the case, by our positive occupations, is, in itself, an inestimable advantage. The quietness of life, too, required by the clerical character—the partial, if not total exemption from worldly contentions and pursuits which it offers—the balm of peace which the pious mind cannot but share while it proffers it to others—the consciousness of being useful, both temporally and eternally, to our fellow-beings—all these cannot fail of securing to the really devoted servant of God and man a feeling of conscious, tranquil, substantial happiness, which is certainly of rarer, if not more difficult, attainment, in the more active walks of life. But in proportion as this spirit is wanting must be the disappointment of those who, having assumed the holy office from unworthy motives, find themselves justly disappointed of the reward for which they have parted both with freedom and conscience."

Mr. Bolter calls upon Major Barrington for the payment of his son's small bill for horses, while at Cambridge, only 243*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

"But do you think you are justified," asked the major, "in allowing a young man to run up such a bill without the knowledge of his friends?"

"Why, Sir, where am I to seek for his friends? What I does, I does openly. My establishment is well known to everybody in Cambridge; and as to charges, you won't get 'em more moderate no where—not for such horses as I keeps—specially when it's such work as Muster Barrington wants 'em for:—he was never satisfied unless he got the best hunters in my stables."

"Hunters! you don't surely supply young men with hunters!—that at least cannot be known to the tutors and heads of Colleges!" exclaimed the major.

"Lord bless you, Sir, yes it be;—they know it, and approves of it, and the faculty recommends it too. There's Dr. Blowerwit says himself there ain't nothing so good to cure the effects of a course of hard reading as a course of hard riding; and so he sends all his patients to me. In course, you know, I considers him in return. Fair play's a jewel: live and let live—them is my maxims."

Then, after a little further conversation, the Major remonstrates upon the impropriety of having allowed such long credit:—

"And whose fault be that, Sir?" responded the horse-dealer. "I warn't charged with his heddication. If you, Sir, and the college tutors and the university can't teach your son common honesty and prudence, what obligation is there on me to do it for you? I don't mean no offence, Sir, and I don't say you haven't no cause for being angry; but all I say is, I am not the proper person to be found fault with. My business is to look after my own trade, and leave others to mind their own concerns. Another thing, Sir, how should I know what your son's fortin might be? He chose to associate with lords and all the top-toppers in the university, and always spoke as if you owned a large estate, and kept as good a stud as any gentleman in the county; and if your son, Sir, hadn't been taught to speak the truth—I don't mean no offence, Sir,—but if he hadn't been taught, as I say, to speak the truth, all I ask is, who is to blame, you or me?"

Major Barrington, who was himself a stickler for justice, found it difficult to parry this home thrust; but he still insisted that tradesmen were bound to be more cautious in giving credit to young men, who, from their age and inexperience, were peculiarly open to temptation.

"Ah! that's always the way," observed the sturdy

dealer in horses,—"I don't mean no offence, as I said before, Sir,—but that's the way gen'lmen talk. When it serves their purpose, they always bring up the talk about youth and inexperience; but when such things would be in their way, why then we never hears nothing about them. When they wants to oppose the payment of a debt, then it's always 'youth and inexperience;' but when they comes to propose a son or a nephew, who is just fresh from college and turned of twenty one, as a candidate to represent a county or a borough in Parliament, why then just the last things they would speak of would be 'youth and inexperience.' I should like to know what Sir Harry Scatterall's friends would have said, when they came to canvass me last election, if I had talked of 'youth and inexperience!'"

There is a spirited sketch of Madame Belzoni,—a fair financier and bill broker,—in whom we recognize a strong resemblance to a lady whose transactions with a certain noble lord attracted so much attention in the Court of Bankruptcy not very long since, and the character of the wealthy Shirley, who is called generous, but is a heartless worshipper of self, is admirably depicted. The sketches of scenery given sparingly, are also very truthful, and his power of describing the scenes of life, cannot be better instanced than in the following view of the interior of a first-rate gambling house.

"To a close observer it was evident that the company assembled belonged decidedly to the higher classes of English society. Even Barrington, though not over-gifted with tact in such matters, could easily perceive they were of a different grade to those he had been accustomed to meet at Goldoni's and other places. There was nothing of the tiger-style of dress about them,—no display of moustache, chains, rings, or spurs,—nothing German or Parisian. A dress plain, simple, and remarkably neat, linen of a snowy whiteness, and a smooth, clean-looking countenance, undisfigured with superfluous beard or whisker, announced at once the English gentleman. Their deportment corresponded perfectly with this exterior. A quiet assurance, equally free from pretension and timidity, and ready to accord to others the respect and politeness looked for in return, was its appropriate characteristic. A foreign adventurer, who regarded the wealthy among the English as his natural dupes, and who mistook simplicity for weakness, would have been enchanted with the appearance of this assembly, though it is probable he would have found the tables turned upon himself, and perhaps, have been stripped of his last franc, by men, whose natural calmness gave them great advantage in play, to say nothing of their experience, and their ability to maintain the contest, in spite of reverses, till Fortune came again to their assistance. Barrington, who had seen very little of this class of society, could not help imagining he would have little difficulty in recruiting his revenues from the well-filled exchequers of the quiet gentlemanly-looking personages into whose company his good fortune had led him."

In conclusion, we will give the author's short and sound view of the question of duelling.

"Do you mean to say, then, you would abolish it altogether?"

"If it were possible,—yes."

"Would you attempt to do it by law?" demanded his companion, pursuing the point.

"No,—the failure would be certain,—much injustice and cruelty would at first be committed,—men would afterwards revolt at treating as criminals those whom they did not feel to be so;—and then the law would fall into disuse, as is the case now."

"What remedy, then, would you propose?"

"I can see no other," replied Barrington, "than the increasing progress of that moral improvement in society which has already done so much to diminish the evil."

The Prairie Bird. By the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY. 3 vols. London, 1844. Bentley.

MR. MURRAY is well known to the reading public as the author of some very pleasantly-told Travels in North America, and he has now endeavoured to turn his experience to further account by making the country he had travelled the scene of a novel that enables him to enter more minutely than he could well do in a book of travels upon the details of the manners, customs, and modes of life, of the inhabitants of the forest and prairie with whom he had made such intimate acquaintance. The *Prairie Bird* is the title which he has given to this tale, its theme suggested, probably, by the *Last of the Mohicans*, but saved from plagiarism by an ingeniously constructed plot, of which the following is an outline:—

At the close of the war of independence,

Colonel Brandon, with a son and daughter, takes up his abode in the neighbourhood of a settlement, called Warietta, on the banks of the Muskinguin river. Near him resides Captain Ethelstone, who has also a son and a daughter. Here they dwell in friendship and peace, preserving their Royalist prejudices unimpaired, until the terrible misfortune happens which forms the foundation of Mr. Murray's plot. It chanced on a summer day that Ethelstone went to visit his friend, leaving his beloved daughter, Evelyn, in charge of her nurse. Thither terrible news was brought:—

"They remained at Colonel Brandon's to dine, and were on the point of returning in the afternoon, when a farm servant of Mr. Ethelstone's rushed into the room where the two gentlemen were sitting alone; he was pale, breathless, and so agitated, that he could not utter a syllable. 'For heaven's sake, speak—what has happened?' exclaimed Colonel Brandon. A dreadful pause ensued; at length, he gasped rather than said, 'The Indians,' and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some horrid spectacle.

"Poor Ethelstone's tongue clove to his mouth; the prescient agony of the father overcame him. 'Keep us no longer in suspense, my good fellow,' exclaimed the colonel, 'but say what has happened.' 'Why, you see, colonel, about an hour ago, Jem and Eliab were at work in the 'baccy field behind the house, and nurse was out in the big meadow a walkin' with Miss Evelyn, when I heard a cry as if all the devils had broke loose; in a moment, six or eight painted Indians, with rifles and tomahawks, dashed out of the laurel thicket and murdered poor Jem and Eliab before they could get at their rifles. Two of them then went after the nurse and child in the meadow, while the rest broke into the house, which they ransacked and set on fire.' 'But, my child?' cried the agonized father. 'I fear it's gone, too,' said the messenger of this dreadful news. 'I saw one devil kill and scalp the nurse, and t'other'—here he paused, awe-struck by the speechless agony of poor Ethelstone, who stood with clasped hands and bloodless lips, unable to ask for the few more words which were to complete his despair. 'Speak on, man, let us know the worst,' said the colonel, at the same time supporting the trembling form of his unhappy friend. 'I saw the tomahawk raised over the sweet child, and I tried to rush out o' my hidin' place to save it, when the flames and the smoke broke out, and I tumbled into the big ditch below the garden, overhead in water; by the time I had got out and reached the place the red devils were all gone, and the house, and straw, and barns all in a blaze.'"

Evelyn was just eight years of age when she was thus torn from her home and consigned to the care and training of the wild Indians. By them she was called Olitipa, or *The Prairie Bird*, and destined to be the squaw of one of the chiefs. She is found by a missionary, who imparts to her the truths of Christianity, educates her unformed mind, and after a while she obtains such an ascendancy, by means of her superior acquirements, over the savages among whom she dwells, that they treat her as a sort of divinity, listen to her words as oracles, and ask her prayers to the Great Spirit when they want to deprecate his vengeance.

Captain Ethelstone dies of a broken heart from the loss of his beloved child, and leaves his son Edward to the guardianship of his friend Brandon. By him the youth is sent to Hamburg, and educated to be a merchant, while Reginald Brandon, the son of the colonel, goes to England to his uncle, and thence in due time is transferred to Oxford. The young men afterwards meet in Germany, and pass through a campaign there. Subsequently, Reginald Brandon returns to America, and, of course, in the regular way of romances, is by a convenient accident introduced to *The Prairie Bird*, and falls in love with her. The residence in the wilds affords an opportunity for the introduction of a succession of graphic pictures of lifethere, enlivened by the motions and dialogues of various characters found in the prairie—Indian warriors, trappers, hunters, and adventures numberless with the buffalo, the wolf, the elk, the bear. Mr. Murray appears to have learned the Indian character with a just appreciation of its vices as well as its virtues, shunning the romantic colouring which other novelists have loved to throw over the men of the woods and wilds, upon the principle, we suppose, of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. But Mr. Murray

happens to know them better than others who have presumed to write about them, and therefore, painting after nature, he throws in the lights and shadows in their natural proportions. The end of the story may be readily imagined.

We recommend this novel to those who want a fiction that will instruct as well as amuse their leisure moments.

James of the Hill; a Tale of the Troubles in Scotland, A.D. 1630. By J. A. CAMERON, Esq. In 3 vols.

FANCIFUL persons have often amused themselves by trying to trace backwards effects to causes, and then to speculate what would have been the altered circumstances if some past event had not happened, or had happened otherwise. In merry mood we are tempted so to play with conjectures as to the origin of the romance of *James of the Hill*. To wit: if CAMERON had been the son of very poor parents in an agricultural district, he would not have been taught to read; if he had not learned to read, he could not have visited a circulating library and borrowed Scott's novels; if he had not borrowed Scott's novels, he could not have made acquaintance with a gentleman who figures therein under the title of Rob Roy; if he had not contracted a friendship for Rob, he would not have taken a sort of rude likeness of him in *James of the Hill*; and if he had not imbued his mind with the whole language and manner of Scott, he certainly would not have appeared before the public as a novelist—at least, as an historical romancer.

If we could forget that Scott ever lived and wrote, and so could imagine CAMERON to be a sun and not a satellite, we should have been inclined to award to him a lofty meed of praise for the novel upon our table. But, unfortunately, we cannot forget that it is in substance and reality an imitation; that in no single particular can it lay claim to originality; and that, therefore, it falls at once to a vastly more humble station in the ladder of literature, and must be tried by other tests and judged by other rules than a production that aims to be itself alone.

Thus estimated, *James of the Hill* is a very respectable effort. The plot is made out of a quarrel between the Laird of Frendraught and William Gordon, of Rothiemay, in which the latter was slain. Hence a feud between the families, interspersed with some love and some murder, enlivened by a genuine villain, made interesting by an amorous and handsome colonel, and served up with a *quant. suff.* of melo-dramatic situations and dialogues, sometimes of a bustling, sometimes of a prosy character. The style is vigorous, and many of the descriptions are graphic. Mr. CAMERON has diligently swept the cobwebs from the chronicles for the materials of his romance. When the better novels of the season have been exhausted, the reader may attack this one rather than fast; but until he is almost famished, we would not recommend him to send for *James of the Hill*.

PERIODICALS.

Hood's Magazine and Comic Miscellany. Edited by THOMAS HOOD.

THIS is a new monthly magazine, edited by a gentleman of extraordinary genius; the best humourist of his day, but who, nevertheless, has proved himself to be possessed of pathetic powers of the very highest order—witness *The Song of the Shirt*, *Eugene Aram*, and other productions of his versatile pen, the success of which will, we hope, tempt him to turn his thoughts more frequently in the same direction. Having quarrelled with the proprietor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, as all his predecessors had done, Mr. Hood has commenced this adventure, to which we heartily wish success, and from the numbers that have already appeared, we have little doubt that it will be deserved, for they exhibit progressive improvement. The contributions of the Editor are the best dishes of the feast, but the others are selected with much judgment and knowledge of public taste: although there is still room for progress in that direction. We shall take an

early opportunity to review our magazine literature generally, when we shall have more to say about this one, of which, in the meanwhile, we may assert that it is equal to the best of its English contemporaries, and superior to most of them. It has the further attraction of some exquisitely beautiful engravings after Creswick and others, of themselves worth the cost of the entire magazine. We can only extract one very rich letter, evidently from the pen of the Editor:—

"SIR,—By your not cumming out on the Furst, I conclude you are lade up—being notorus for enjoyin bad helth. Pullmery, of course. Like my poor Robert—for I've had a littery branch in my own family—a periodical one like yourself, only every Sunday, instead of once a munth; and as such, well knew what it was to write long-winded articles with Weekly lungs. Poor fellow! As I often said, so much head work, and nothin but Head work, will make a Cherubim of you; and so it did. Nothing but write—write—write, and read—read—read; and, as our Doctor says, it's as bad to studdy till all is brown, as to drink till all is blew. Mix your cullers. And very good advice it is—when it can be follered, witch is not always the case; for if necessity has no Law, it has a good deal of Literature, and Authurs must rite what they must.

"As poor Robert used to say about seddontary habits, it's very well, says he, to tell me about—like Mr. Wordsworth's single man as grew dubble—sticking to my chair; but if there's no sitting, says he, ther'll be no hatching; and if I do brood too much at my desk it's because there's a brood expected from me once a week. Oh, its very well, says he, to cry Up, up with you; and go and fetch a walk, and take a look at the daisies, when you've sold your mind to Miffy Stoflis; and there's a Divil waiting for your last proofs as he did for Doctor Forster's. I know its killin me, says he; but if I die of overwork it's in the way of my vacation. Poor boy! I did all I could to nurrige him; Mock Turkey soup and strong slops, and Wormy Jelly and Island Moss; but he couldn't eat. And no wonder; for mental labour, as the Doctor said, wares out the stummack as well as the Branes, and so he'd been spinning out his inside like a spider. And a spider he did look at last, sure enuff—one of that sort, with long spindle legs, and only a dot of a Boddy in the middle.

"Another bad thing is settin up all night as my Sun did, but it's all agin Natur. Not but what sum must, and particly the writers of Politicks for the Papers; but they ruin the Constitushun. And, besides, even Poetry is apt to get prosy after twelve or one; and some late authurs read very sleepy. But as poor Robert said, what is one to do when no day is long enuff for one's work, nor no munth either. And to be sure, April, June, November, and September, are all short munths, but Febber-very! However, one grate thing is, relaxin—if you can. As the Doctor used to say, what made Jack a dull boy—why being always in the workhouse and never at the play-house. So get out of your gownd and slippers, says he, and put on your Best Things and unbend yourself like a Beau. If you've been at your poeticle flights, go and look at the Tems Tunnel; and if you're tired of being Witty, go and spend a hour with the Wax Wark. The mind requires a Change as well as the merchants.

"So take my advice, Sir, a mother's advice, and relax a littel. I know what it is; You want brassing, a change of Hair, and more stummack. And you ought to ware flannin, and take tonicks. Do you ever drink Basses Paill? It's as good as cammomile Tea. But above all, there's one thing I'd recumend to you: Steal Wine. It's been a savin to sum invalids.

"Hoping you will excuse this libberty from a Stranger, but a well-meaning one,
"I am, Sir,
"A SUBSCRIBBER."

London Polytechnic Magazine, and Journal of Science, Literature, and the Fine Arts. Edited by T. STONE, M.D. March 1844. Mortimer. THIS is the third number of a periodical more especially devoted to useful and practical science, and the articles contained in it are such as should be found in a Polytechnic Magazine. The first is an interesting paper on the arts and manufactures of the Esquimaux, a good contribution to the science of Ethnology, or the Physical and Moral History of Mankind, upon which there is an admirable essay, read by Dr. Dieffenbach at a meeting preliminary to the formation of the London Ethnological Society, and not before published. There is also a useful paper upon the Carriage-ways of England, and their comparative merits, by a practical man, in which a concise history of the progress of wood pavement is given. The author does not, however,

mention the curious fact that Sir William Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, in Yorkshire, paved the vestibule of his hall, through which is a carriage drive with hexagonal blocks in a manner very closely resembling that subsequently patented by Stead, in 1834, four years before the first experiment was made in Oxford-street. This user, indeed, has been one of the principal grounds upon which the patent has been contested, and the action brought by Mr. Stead is not yet concluded. Among the other articles is an interesting account of the mines in the North of Spain. There is one portion of this periodical which, if well worked out, will be extremely valuable. It is proposed to give a cyclo-pædic view of the Progress of the Arts and Sciences, as deduced from the Reports of Scientific Societies and public journals. This will require all the learning and judgment of the editor; but well done, will probably secure a large sale. The number for April will contain, among other articles, one upon the Present State of Electricity, by Professor de la Rive, of Geneva.

Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1844.
London. D. Bogue.

This is a collection of brief paragraphs giving an account of the most important discoveries and improvements in the past year. It may lie with advantage upon the library table, to be dipped into from time to time. Its utility would be much increased by greater attention to the arrangement of the subjects, and the chronological order. Having now been published for three successive years, we doubt not that alteration in these respects would well repay the time and attention they would require, and we hope next year to find that they have been made.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Scenes from the Life of a Lawyer.

At the request of many readers we make some further extracts from this MS. a notice of which was contained in our last. The following is another of our author's reminiscences:—

THE PURPLE PLUME.

"I had long promised my friend to spend a few days with him at his country seat, in a remote part of the fertile and beautiful county of Devon. Last year, leisure permitting, I resolved to make the excursion so long anticipated, and devote a little time to a friendship awakened in early youth, and cherished through maturer years with unremitted ardour. Disburthening myself accordingly of the cares of life, I bade adieu to the smoke of town, in which I had been long immured, and with light heart proceeded on my journey, recalling a thousand delightful associations which the memory of other years never fails to summon. The smiles of nature, arrayed in her robes of green, afforded infinite delight to me, who had been almost a stranger to flowering hedges and daisied meadows; and thus, with admiring eye, unskillfully sketching another, pausing to gaze upon the majestic oaks, or feast mine eye with the vision of a little verdant valley sprinkled with happy homes, my journey was beguiled—and it was even with regret that towards sunset on the fourth day I found myself traversing a park of magnificent extent, decorated with slope, and stream, and grove, and coppice. A few old oaks stretched their hoary arms, now gilded by the last rays of the sun, proclaiming the age and honour of the mansion around which they had perhaps for centuries raised their proud heads and repelled the storms that had threatened to overthrow their majesty. A few fawns were sporting upon the green carpet, and sometimes they would hide themselves in the thicket, alarmed at the unusual intrusion of a stranger. I checked my horse to admire this lovely scene, and fell unconsciously into a train of thought, from which I was awakened by a voice behind me cheering some dogs in no gentle tone. I instantly recognized my old friend. His features still wore the same character of benevolence, the same good-humoured smile, the same clear dark eyes as when we had parted. His hair indeed had faded beneath the touch of time, and a few lines were visible on his brow, but so gently were they written, that none but the anxious eye of a friend could have discerned them. I was more changed; care had done for me that which years had not done for him; and I perceived a cloud pass over his countenance as he shook me cordially by the hand. I was indeed much altered; but this was not a moment for mournful recollections, and we did not permit them to moderate our pleasure.

"My friend was the descendant of a very ancient and honourable family, and the noble estate on which he resided had been handed down from father to son

through many succeeding generations. But it was now likely to fall into the hands of a stranger, for a daughter was the only issue of a marriage that he had contracted early in life; and the fear that a distant relation, by no means creditable to the family honour, should consequently one day inherit the estate, which had been so respectably tenanted time out of mind, the old man confessed to me frequently gave him great uneasiness. But even for this sorrow, which he felt to be unavoidable, he found a consolation in the affectionate cares of his daughter, a young lady who, though not remarkable for beauty, was endowed with many qualities of mind that more than compensated the absence of personal charms. By this amiable lady was I welcomed, and, as an old friend of her father, I received from her the respect and attention of a daughter. When we had exhausted the many queries that always present themselves at the re-union of severed friends, we employed the hours with agreeable and instructive conversation; and being particularly fond of the history of by-gone days, the ancient mansion in which I was residing, its antique stores and the well-garnished memory of my friend, served to amuse the little leisure which we snatched from the joys of the country, glowing as it was with all the hues of summer. The young lady, too, I found an informed companion, and, possessing a dash of the spirit of romance, she delighted to shew me the time-hallowed residence of her ancestors, and relate the legends that were attached to it—legends which, more or less, are to be found connected with every old mansion in the kingdom. But, above all, I enjoyed to visit the picture gallery, in which were deposited the portraits of the old lords of the estate from the days of William the Conqueror down to the present occupant; and it was by no means an uninteresting or unimportant task to trace the variety of costume, from the burnished armour to the present fleecy habiliments; and the grim visages of the knights assembled in that gallery looked from the canvas like mighty forms seen indistinctly in the gloom of twilight. I delighted to wander in this record of the dead, amusing my fancy with the imagery of scenes in which they might have been actors,—in picturing for them romantic stories of love, or war, or peril in the tourney or in the tempest.

"But these were not the only paintings that covered the walls of the gallery. There were some rude landscapes, and two or three game pieces, but exceedingly old and much injured, yet they seemed to have merited some attention. Besides these, I observed half-a-dozen moulded frames that still exhibited here and there the exquisite workmanship of a master, and they had evidently been once accounted of great value. When first I traced the gallery, I attempted, through the dust and mildew, to discover the subjects of the pictures, but in vain. I however inwardly determined to gratify my love of the antique by taking the first favourable opportunity of erasing the congregated dust of ages, and endeavour to discern why it was that such magnificent framings surrounded them.

"We had agreed to devote one morning to the viewing of a beautiful valley in the neighbourhood, remarkable for the singular grouping of some rocks, which nature, in one of her vagaries, had moulded into a variety of strange forms. I had looked forward to this expedition with no small pleasure; but with the appointed morning were seen dark and heavy clouds reclining on the distant hills, and the leaves hung motionless upon their stalks, ungemmed by a single drop of dew. My friend's observance of nature had taught him that these circumstances prognosticated rain; but my ignorance of rural scenery induced me to dissent from his opinion, and I continually approached the window to mark the changes of the atmosphere. A single ray of the sun struggling through the curtains that surrounded him filled me with hope; and I was about to seek my friend to inform him of the important change, when a large and heavy drop fell on the window sill. I thought it could not be rain, but another and another came, and at length the heavens poured down their waters in good earnest.

"There is something very annoying in disappointment of this kind. We naturally look with regret upon the loss of any object which the mind has been accustomed to contemplate as a source of pleasure, and it leaves a void in the breast which is not immediately filled up. Thus it was with me; and I confess that it was some time before I could regain the equilibrium of my temper, and resort with common interest to the usual sources of pleasure. I required some powerful stimulus, some attractive occupation. I just then bethought me of the mouldered pictures in the gallery, and the uncommon interest I had taken in their exterior decorations. To explore them was a task which exactly suited my mind; procuring the necessary soap and water and a brush, lamp in hand, I proceeded to the gallery, not without grumbling most fiercely at the unfortunate weather. It was with some difficulty that I removed one of the frames from the spot where it had hung unmolested for centuries; but this task at length accomplished, I placed it upon a stand, and commenced operations.

"The first sweep of the brush disclosed to me a

form such as I have never seen on canvas before, and shall probably never see again, so completely had the painter's art transferred nature to canvas, and so much more of life was there in the portrait than ever I had witnessed in portraits before. In truth, it was a speaking face; and I could scarcely believe that centuries had rolled away since it was impressed there by the divine power of a divine art. I started back to view it in the most advantageous light—folded a beautiful sketch of my fair hostess to serve the purpose of a tube: the exclamations on the weather subsided to almost inaudible murmurings, and then into total silence, as I gazed, and turned away, and gazed again, on that master-piece of art.

"It was the form of a youthful warrior: but such a form, so exquisitely moulded, so perfectly graceful, so strongly built; and the face, glowing indeed with the bloom of youth, but withal so marked with courage, tempered with modest diffidence; and the eye, large, black, and bright, that seemed to be fondly gazing upon something which the dust shrouded from my view.

"I hastily snatched the brush, and in a moment was the whole of this exquisite painting presented to me. That eye is indeed gazing at something;—and it is a female form that kneels before a richly sculptured shrine. She appears to be weeping. Her head reclines gracefully on that delicately rounded arm; and indeed there is a tear even now trickling over the snowy pillow. Long curling locks of black hair flow negligently over her neck and float upon her bosom. The face is partly veiled from view by the arm on which it reclines, yet I can gather enough to see that it is one of excellent beauty. The youth leans against a marble pillar; he does not dare to disturb her hallowed meditations, yet can he not refrain from gazing. She is arrayed in sable robes, and he is partly enshrouded in armour. The scene is the interior of a chapel.

"My fancy, as it was wont, being now called into play, was not slow in exerting her power, and I instantly began to figure to myself the history of the beautiful beings that were before me.

"They are, said I, the lover and his loved one. She is weeping over the tomb of a mother,—and he is surveying, with an eye of fond delight, the pious offices of a daughter's love. She is evidently unconscious of his presence, for without doubt he has stolen silently and cautiously into the chapel, and, in the shadow of that marble column, is willing to pay the adoration of a few delightful moments to her who engrosses his whole soul. His head is inclined slightly towards her, his right hand is a little raised, his lips sonewhat apart, as if he listened intently to snatch the accents of the prayer she is breathing. Ah! he is now the happiest of the happy, and would not exchange his present station for the most exalted throne of the proudest monarch in the world. Who would not be a lover? But perhaps their history is continued in these paintings.

"I lifted the second from its resting place, and performed the same operation of cleansing; I was, indeed, amply repaid—it was a continuation of their story.

"They are not now in the chapel, but in a gorgeous chamber; yet, methinks, there is an agitation in her eye, and a hurried air about her whole form, which would imply, that they had met there by stealth. One hand is upon her lip, as if motioning him to silence, and with the other she extends to him a purple plume. A blush on her beautiful cheek seems to say that he had been talking of love. He is kneeling gracefully, his dark and expressive eye fixed on hers, which, as it were by the power of fascination, is rivetted to his. One hand grasps the plume which she extends, and the little fingers that twine round it, and he bends his head as if to impress a kiss upon their snowy whiteness. The other holds a plumeless helmet, and his whole form is encased in armour, as if he is going to the battle. Yes; I perceive the connection of their history; he has loved, and has been beloved; they have met and they are to part; he to dare the horrors and dangers of the war array, she to seek the gloom of her chamber, her fond bosom swelling with sorrow, because her dearest one is far away. Her sire knows not of her love; mayhap she has been debarred from his approach, that they thus meet so fondly and part so sadly. That plume has she given to him to be his attendant in his perils, and a love token from her, whose heart goes with him in his wanderings. The next will, doubtless, yet further follow their fortunes.

"It was with trembling impatience that I dashed the dust and mould from the canvas, for my fancy was so heated by its own imaginings, that the story of these two lovers agitated me as if they were indeed standing before me. It was as I expected.

"The figures were now in a magnificent room, evidently the hall of state, but the lover was not there. Two others there were, however, whom I had not yet seen, and the maiden herself was standing before them, pale and disordered, and her eyes told that she had been weeping. She was arrayed in a robe of purest white, splendidly emblazoned with countless jewels, which seemed but a mockery of the feelings

that were evidently struggling in her bosom. The other figures were those of men. One of them, from his age, and a faint similitude of features, seemed to be her father; the other was of less mature years, but still evidently very much the elder of the lover in the other pictures—nor was he so noble or pleasing to look upon—his brow was shaded with a dark and terrible frown, and I thought that I could distinguish in his eye the half suppressed fires of ungovernable passion, and a fiend-like smile dwelt upon his lips. The father was clasping his hand and extending it to the daughter, who was shrinking from its approach as from the touch of a viper. Intense horror was upon her features, and an evident loathing, and her eyes flashed the indignation of her noble nature. Her arms were thrown back, instinctively retreating from the contamination that threatened them. Her elegant form was beautifully displayed in this attitude.

"It is quite clear, said I aloud, that she has been weeping the departure of her lover, and her father has brought to her another bridegroom. Yet she will not be sacrificed: she feels that her present suitor is ill matched with her own virtue and purity; and she shrinks from the approach of guilt. Surely her sire will not thus consign his child to misery; for, certainly, I espy benevolence in those mild and engaging features. But what further doth the painter?"

"The next presented a very different scene. It is the pale ray of the moon glimmering through the huge trees of the forest, and displaying their seared trunks bedappled with grey moss, or overgrown with ivy. And even in this solitude are some figures to be seen. I am not mistaken: it is a single knight perishing under the swords of a dozen assailants. By heaven! it is he;—it is the lover who thus dies. I know him by his pale cheek and his black eye, and by that purple plume now dyed with drops of his own heart's blood. Ah, villain; in that dim-moonlight beam I know thee, thou of the scowling brow and the fiendish smile, suitor of the hapless fair one. The pale moon is witness of thy deed, and the trees of the forest will record it against thee!"

"There he lay, overwhelmed, but not subdued; two of his assailants died before him,—his helmet off,—his long dark locks blown by the wind over his white face, and half hiding the eyes that death had not yet dimmed. He grasps the plume, and presses it to his heart; and his breast is even now heaving its last sigh. The steel of the murderer, reeking with its bloody business, glitters in the moonshine; and on his face there is a malignant smile, as he pauses for a moment to gaze on the face of his victim, where even now a little ray, that had struggled through the oaken canopy above, is trembling, and lighting up the faint traces of affection which death itself could not wholly subdue.

"Alas! poor maiden, sighed I, as I unhung the next painting; I wonder much what will be thy fate. Ah! and is it so? Yes: I recognize the chapel where the beautiful one was kneeling, and where the youth had gazed upon her in the fulness of his affections. But far different is now the scene; and the solemnity of the place is disturbed by the appearance of many persons. I see the sire, and the daughter, and the fierce and cruel knight, the murderer of the youth who had adored her. She is not now arrayed in robes of sable hue as when last she had been there, but in the gay ornaments of a bride. She has fainted in the arms of her attendants, and there reclines fairer and more beautiful; and, I should suppose, even as cold as the snowy marble of the altar. Flowers deck her dark hair, and with their bloom mock the deathliness of her cheek. The murderer has grasped her unconscious hand; and the priest stands over them with extended arms as if pronouncing the nuptial benediction. Some of the attendants are weeping, and the father is at her side striving to conceal the drops of pity that are gathering; and there is an effort visible upon his lips, and a trembling upon his cheek, as if he sought to repress the voice of nature that speaks in his heart.

"It is evident, I said aloud (for my feelings had now attained such a pitch of intensity that I could not check them), it is evident that he has compelled her to obey his will; she has married a murderer, a blood-stained lord; and she has found refuge from the horror of thought in the bliss of forgetfulness. She has become the bride of one she hates; and her father is paying the penalty of the pride that would sacrifice a daughter for wealth and title. But what says the next?"

"I had no sooner completed the preliminary task, than I stood for some moments gazing with astonishment and awe at the perfection of art displayed in this picture. Fine as were the others, this excelled them all; and indeed the situations of the characters gave full scope to the imagination of the painter. The scene was a festal hall, and a board profusely spread declared the wealth and hospitality of the owner. But it was now in a wonderful confusion, and events were passing at the farther end of the board which most forcibly arrested the attention of the guests.

"The bride and bridegroom were there, and a third figure, arrayed in a long mantle, was standing over them. The bridegroom was lying upon the earth, ap-

parently dead, and the bride, with clasped hands and frantic glaring eye, was staring at the figure that stood before her. It waved a purple plume, stained with clotted drops of blood, and the mantle escaping from its folds displayed to the eye the pale and bloody form of the youthful warrior; and so artfully had the painter given shape to shadows, that though I knew the awful appearance, I could perceive that it was not of the living. I remembered the plume; it was that which herself had given to him. She seemed to recognise him; her hands were outstretched in horror and amazement; her form was statue-like, as if suddenly transformed to stone even at the moment that she had started from her seat. The guests were smitten with awe—their cheeks pale—their eyes staring—their locks bristling, and the father had fallen into the arms of an attendant.

"And now, having satisfied my curiosity, I looked out of the window to gaze at the weather, which, in the pleasure of my occupation, I had totally forgotten; but, finding it still unfavourable, I determined to employ the rest of the morning in restoring these interesting relics to the spot whence I had taken them. As I was doing this, the worn-out wood at the back of one of them yielded to my touch, and I discovered a cavity, which, in my rage for novelty I could not but more closely examine; and my curiosity was well repaid; for in it was a plume, which appeared to be exceedingly old. I carried it to the light more particularly to survey it, when I perceived that it bore an exact resemblance to the one in the pictures, and, like them, too, it was deeply stained with red spots, as if of blood. It must be so, thought I—this story must be too true—it is the plume that the spectre carried on the night of the bridal. Providence, mysterious are thy ways!"

"Having concluded my task, I returned thoughtfully to my friend, to whom I told the events of the morning. I have the plume now."

Brevities; or, Thoughts on Men and Things.

We add a few more passages from this manuscript, which we were compelled to omit last month for want of space for them. They justify the remarks we have made.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF BLUSHING.

"Blushing proceeds from sensibility not sense; though it is not incompatible with the highest intellectual powers. I only mean that sense is not the cause of it. Brougham could not blush if he were offered the Chancellorship for the achievement: why? He has no sensibility. Napoleon could, or could not—I know not; I suspect not, from his impassive character. Byron could excessively.

"A statue cannot blush—and the nearer a man approaches to the character of a statue, the less likely is he to be troubled with complexional embarrassment."

VIOLENT DEATHS.

"Talking after dinner of the easiest mode of dying, my friend Captain Kilpatrick observed, that he didn't know which was the easiest, but he thought one of the most painful was that of a relation of his, Mr. D—, a magistrate, at Ballycarry, who was shot through the head, as he sat in his study, by some villain, who afterwards set fire to the house; and so completely did the diabolical wretches effect their object, that, when the remains of his friend were found, it was impossible to say whether they were his or those of his old housekeeper, who was also missing; 'nor were they able,' continued Captain K. 'from that day to this, to discover what was the immediate cause of his death, or how the fire originated. The jury being much puzzled, not knowing whose body they were sitting on, or what verdict to bring in, the foreman proposed that they should return two separate verdicts—the one, as upon the housekeeper, 'accidental death;' the other, as on the magistrate, 'Burnt to death and shot by incendiaries unknown.'"

"The officiating clergyman was equally at a loss, not knowing whether it was a 'brother' or a 'sister' he was about to inter."

WHAT IS POETRY?

"Perhaps the best definition would be, 'the language of passion, or of excited feeling.' No wonder then that they who have not felt cannot write. How can they describe what they never experienced? And this appears to have been the view which Byron entertained of it: the 'wear and tear of the passions' is frequently alluded to in his letters. Nay, I should be inclined to believe that many of his vicious engagements, his manner of life, his personal irregularities, as in drinking, gallantry, &c. had their origin in this conviction. Perhaps this would be the best plea for his latter excesses. He wished to reproduce those vivid and animated impressions which he formerly had. He was like the Grecian artist who caused a man to be tortured that he might paint his agonies;—Byron tried the torture on himself.

"Again, how can a man who has always led a quiet, regular life, know any thing of the tempests of the soul? How can a sober, staid Quaker, like Bernard Barton, for instance, describe these? He may

paint a flower or a shell, but can he depict a storm or a conflagration? He may paint a butterfly, but can he pourtray, or even imagine, a portrait of the arch-fiend?"

"Why, it has been asked, has the best poetry been most commonly produced when the poets were young? Because the passions were then the most tumultuous."

SYMPATHY.

"Alike their suffering, all are men
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own."—Gray.

"For my own part, I am never so prone to kindness, compassion, and sympathy in the woes of others, as when I have a temporary gleam of happiness shining on myself.

"Many misfortunes which have happened to others would have rendered me miserable had I been previously happy, but passed by me unnoticed, being taken up with my own sufferings."

WOMEN AND STATESMEN.

"As the handsomest women are the more frequently seduced, while the plain ones get married; so the brightest talents in the senate are commonly allured into corrupt practices, and leave to plain, honest men, the legitimate duties of their situation—the protection and welfare of their country."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—In your last number, you were pleased to favour the *Chronicles of the Bastille* with a review, for which I take the opportunity of thanking you. You will, however, allow me to observe, that the assertion, "We have strong suspicion that the work is a translation from the French," is in nowise justifiable, nor palliated by the context, to the effect of the writer being "deeply imbued with the spirit of French literature."

For your future guidance, permit me to inform you, that there exists in France but one work of fiction, (still unfinished) connected with the Bastille, viz., *Histoire de la Bastille*, the scenes of which tale are laid in the year 1374.

The other works extant upon the same subject are purely historical, although far from perfect; they are entitled, *Histoire et Anecdotes sur le Chateau de la Bastille pour servir à son histoire*, dated 1774, and *La Bastille Dévoilée*, dated 1789 and 90, to both of which any person can obtain free access; these, if compared with the *Chronicles of the Bastille*, will prove the latter to be derived from original sources.

As your assertion is calculated to do the Work an injury, I am certain you will not refuse to insert this letter in your valuable columns, feeling assured it is not your wish that an error of judgment should operate prejudicially to the interests either of the Publisher, or of,

Sir, your very obedient servant,
THE AUTHOR.

London, March 6th, 1844.

MUSIC.

Summary.

WE have received no new music during the past month which we can conscientiously recommend our readers to purchase; the instrumental is all flourish: the vocal all idea-less. The *Song of the Shirt* has been set to music after a fashion, but the air is unworthy of the words: that extraordinary poem has yet to find a composer who can assume the mantle of the poet, and breathe his thoughts in appropriate sounds. A notice of the Opera and of our countrywoman, who has so far yielded to fashion as to assume an Italian name, will be found below.

THE NEW PRIMA DONNA.

As might have been expected of one who sang with success before the audience of the San Carlos, the most critical audience in the world, and had won the unqualified approbation of Lablache, our countrywoman, Miss Edwards (we love to call her by her English name), or Mlle. Favanti, has achieved a triumph on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. She has at one step gained the highest position that a vocalist can hope for; one which many singers have painfully laboured many years to attain.

Cenerentola, the character chosen for the debutante, is as full of beauties as of difficulties, and is a trying part for a girl labouring under the natural anxiety attendant on a first appearance. The

fair singer evidently felt this at first, but only at first; the burst of applause that followed every song quickly gave her confidence, and then it was that her beautiful and powerful voice, her pure taste and command of expression, were seen in their full force. The melodies in the commencement of the opera, notwithstanding the nervousness of which we have spoken, she sung with touching sweetness, and it is scarcely possible to imagine or describe the power she displayed in the *bravouri* passages of the opera. In *Non piu mesta*, Miss Edwards equalled, perhaps, in execution any thing ever before achieved by the human voice. Such was the sensation she created, that the curtain was raised to deafening *encores*, and the *finale* was sung a second time, if possible, with greater effect than before.

It would be hard to say to what particular class the *debutante's* voice belongs. From the highest notes of a soprano it ranges through those of a contralto to low in the bass, comprising, we believe, upwards of three octaves.

Her beauty is of no ordinary kind; her features and head are of severely classical form, and her figure, though slight, is majestic. Her acting is marked by a truth and delicacy of feeling which contrasts most favourably with the insufferable exaggerations we too often witness. In every point her *début* was most eminently successful, and we prophesy that the victory of Saturday night is the forerunner of many more. We cannot quit this subject without expressing a hope that our *English* prima donna will re-assume her *English* name: she should be proud to bear the name that makes her countrywomen proud of her.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

CAMILLO SIVORI.—This distinguished violinist is about to return to London, his services being *rented* for the season by an eminent music house at the West-end. So says a French journal, which also sets down a staggering sum as the equivalent he is to receive per day.

Thalberg is creating quite a *furor* in Italy by his wonderful pianoforte playing. At Naples he lately gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, which yielded a vast return. Having stopped at Paris for a short while, for which city he is *en route*, he turns his steps here—the universal haven.

Madame Dorus Gras, who is engaged for the Oxford musical festival commemoration, on the 19th June, Camillo Sivori and Ernst, the violinists, Mendelssohn, the modern Mozart, Thalberg, and Döhler, and several other artistes of note, exclusive of the Opera stars, are expected in town soon after Easter from the continent.

Liszt has arrived at Weimar, and has assumed his duties as chapel master to the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, and conducted Meyerbeer's opera *Les Huguenots* at the Court Theatre. He remains at Weimar till the end of March.

ART.

Summary.

As regards Art, the chief features of interest which the past month has afforded, have been the opening, respectively, of the Suffolk-street Gallery, on Monday last, and of an attractive and interesting panorama by Mr. Burford. The former will occupy our attention for the next number of THE CRITIC; the latter will be found duly noticed beneath. As the period for the exhibition of carved work, stained glass, encaustic pavements, arabesque paintings, gilding, &c. (under the management of "The Royal Commission") approaches, the interest taken in such matters by admirers of Art necessarily quickens, and the subject becomes a frequent topic of conversation. Remembering how greatly we were astonished and charmed by the *power* brought out at the national Cartoon competition last year, which up to that time had lain concealed and unsuspected, we shall hope for something very superior; and, notwithstanding that the decorative arts have been too little cultivated amongst us, we have little apprehension of disappointment.

PANORAMA OF HONG KONG.

On Monday last, we were favoured with a *private* view of Mr. Burford's new panorama of the island and bay of Hong Kong. At a period when, after lengthened hostilities, the English have won, for the first time, a permanent territory in China, the spot whereon they have settled, and which hereafter must become the great central *dépôt* of British commerce and power in those distant seas, cannot fail to be of interest to all classes of the community. The description of the picture, as given in the explanatory pamphlet furnished to spectators, is so accurate, copious, and spirited, that we could not hope to convey to our readers one equally faithful; therefore, we take the liberty of transferring it to this notice:—

"The panorama is taken from a commanding situation in the harbour, and embraces a very considerable extent of view. On the south, is the island, presenting the whole of the new town of Victoria, already rising into consequence. Streets of commodious houses, in every style of architecture, several churches and chapels of different denominations, wharfs, stores, and innumerable cottages and huts of the Chinese, stretch along the shore, in an irregular manner, a distance of more than two miles; whilst various little eminences, rising at intervals, are crowned by buildings of considerable size, among which the Government House is conspicuous, from its flag-staff with the British ensign, as are several charitable institutions, from their size and situation; the whole is backed by a range of high, rugged, and barren hills, of every variety of character, and every diversity of colour, forming an imposing back-ground, and contrasting finely with the appearance of the town. To the north, the mainland of China presents a few buildings about the small town of Kow-loon; and a succession of lofty hills and mountains, as far as the eye can reach, some rising suddenly from the water's edge, and towering to an immense height, the rugged and stern character of which gives grandeur to the scene, and produces a sublime effect. The whole of the immense bay between these two points is entirely covered by ships and craft of every description; large, heavy-built, and wretchedly-appointed war-junks, offering a strange contrast to the beautiful symmetry and correct proportions of the contiguous British men-of-war; finely-carved and painted mandarin boats, fishing and fast boats, san-pans, and every kind of Chinese boat, many of which are so close to the spectator, as to afford an interesting insight into the manners, customs, and costume of this singular people."

The Panorama occupies the *great circle*, where the splendid view of Edinburgh was lately exhibited. It is a gorgeous and animating picture, wonderfully *real*, full of sunny atmosphere, and remarkably felicitous in colour. The grouping of the quaint craft which throng the harbour is most skillfully managed, and there is a propriety and truth about every object introduced. The figures, full of life and character, are admirably painted, and add greatly, by the diversity of their complexion and costume, to the picturesque effect of the scene. We do not hesitate to say that this picture will be highly popular; and (as we have been vastly pleased with it ourselves) conclude by earnestly recommending the readers of THE CRITIC not to fail to pay a visit to the Panorama of Hong Kong.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We conclude our critique on this Gallery. To the remarks in our last number as to the prevailing character and general merits of this year's exhibition, we have nothing to add. One circumstance, however, touching the results, we cannot forbear mentioning; it is one very gratifying to our wishes, and speaks favourably for the prospects of Art, Up to this time—we are assured on the best of authority—the *sales* have at least *equalled*, if they have not *exceeded*, the average of former years: this, when we take into account the fact that the exhibition is decidedly *weak* this season, would seem to argue that, had the pictures been better, and the temptation consequently greater, a considerably larger number would have been sold than on former occasions, taking an equal time from the commencement of each exhibition. It will be found that the cream of the collection has been pretty well skimmed off—a cheering fact, which proves that let artists only paint *well*, and there will be no lack of patrons. Not but that some able pic-

tures remain unsold; these, however, are chiefly subjects which address themselves almost exclusively to a limited class of purchasers. In these cases, it is unreasonable in the artist to complain of neglect—he chose his own market, and must abide his fortune, be it good or bad. Here we resume our notice of the pictures.

No. 124. *The Avenue, Shobrook-park*. F. R. Lee, R. A.—We have here a most effective and powerful landscape. It is painted with a bold, free, yet sure pencil, and is happy both in composition and colour. The broken light which, streaming through the trees, chequers the park-palings and the cool, green sward, is sweetly managed, and the various gradations of distance are finely conveyed.

No. 171. *Scene from Romeo and Juliet*. J. Hollins, A.R.A.—As complete an embodiment of a sentimental passage from Shakspeare as we have seen for a long while. The glow and harmony of colour are fascinating, and the countenances of the figures *characteristic* and beautiful.

No. 188. *The Interior of St. Peter's, Rome*. J. Scarlett Davis.—Though one large interior such as this may be desirable as contributing to variety in an exhibition, we doubt whether such subjects are valued by the public. The picture before us is airy and light, and probably faithful in line, yet it totally fails to move us. Its chief defect is a want of effect—in other words, the light is too broadly diffused and general, far more so, in truth, than it could have been in such an edifice.

No. 195. *Cottage near Windsor*.—A quiet but winning transcript of an every-day scene. The finish and colour are exquisite.

No. 205. *Dutch Boats in a Ca'm*. E. W. Cooke.—Of all the pictures in the gallery by this artist (and they are all good), this is the gem. A closer imitation of nature there cannot well be. The boats *compose* picturesquely; the water is transparent and reflective, and there is a world of light and space in the sky.

No. 219. *Festival of Bacchus*. E. V. Rippingille. "What can this mean?" was a question put to us by a sound and learned judge of pictures on our first inspecting this. We replied with the slave in the Latin comedy, "*Davus sum non Edipus*." "Well said," rejoined he; "I greatly doubt whether Mr. Rippingille, whom you have put in the place of the Sphinx, could find any one in these days to unriddle such a mystery." In this picture the artist betrays but the feeblest powers of combination. The group of figures in the centre is ill-managed, and defective in subordination of parts. Stuck oddly in the right-hand corner of the foreground (doubtless intended to convey some sentiment we confess ourselves too dull to apprehend) are two figures, male and female, leaning against each other, like the lines of the letter A. Possibly this artist had been reading Sterne shortly before he drew these figures, and had been struck with "the principle of the pyramid," on which the "Critic," in that admirable writer's works, so learnedly discourses. We think it, however, more likely that he had in his eye the picturesque lines of a classical print we remember to have seen years ago called "The Vicar and Moses;" wherein these worthies, staggering home after a jovial vestry meeting, had, by consent, come together in the middle of the road, and, shoulder to shoulder, were conveniently propping each other, whilst they gained wind and resolution for a fresh start. If this really be the case, we confess the artist can plead authority for the posture, and, further, there is a kind of propriety in studying one scene of debauchery when about to illustrate another—for, be it known, the ablest writers have agreed that the scenes at the orgies of Bacchus were infamous. Had it not been for the insufferable pretensions—the affectation of the *classic* which this picture displays—we should not thus have spoken of it. Let Mr. Rippingille avoid such subjects in future, and be content with that walk of art in which he is safe, and his success not uncertain.

No. 247. *Interruption*. J. Inskipp.—Why this picture bears the above title we are at a loss to know, unless it be that the little urchin has been disturbed whilst drinking. A girl and a quaint old jug make up the composition. There is great archness in the face of the girl; and the whole is painted with a clear full brush that reminds one of Reynolds.

No. 271. *John Knox endeavouring to restrain the violence of the people who destroyed the Catholic Altar, Images, &c. at Perth, 1559*. J. P. Knight.—Taken altogether, this is an able picture. The composition generally is good, the centre group

is even fine. There is a rich glow of colour throughout the whole, and the light and shade are judiciously managed. The prevailing fault is a want of earnestness in the actors introduced. John Knox at a moment which especially demanded it, here shews none of that fiery energy which is well known to have formed part of his character. Were we not told he was denouncing the proceedings of the mob, we should never have supposed it.

No. 279. *The Lady in Waiting—Time of Louis XV.* G. Lance. To this attractive and delightful picture we hardly need invite attention, seeing that it forms one of the rare features of the Gallery which may not be overlooked. In composition it is unaffected and simple. A young and lovely lady bears a tray, on which are disposed a quaintly-shaped flagon of gold, some glasses, and fruit. Over these the consummate genius of the artist has thrown the irresistible charms of grace and beauty. To say that the execution equals the conception of this picture is no slight praise. The countenance of the lady is eminently handsome, and her figure good. Every where the colour is pure and clear, and faithful to nature; the flesh tints are rich and becomingly transparent, and the finish is wonderful. It is a picture that will long be remembered by all who have enjoyed the pleasure of inspecting it. Of Mr. Lance's other productions we may point to No. 377, *Life and Death*, which has been greatly and deservedly applauded; and to a pair of tempting, covetable fruit-pieces, Nos. 327 & 333, which will amply repay examination.

No. 294. *Gil Blas exchanging Rings with Camilla.* A. Egg. Here is another of Mr. Egg's pictures, evidently painted at Maclise. We regret to see this slavishness in an artist who, we believe, has strength enough to rely on himself.

No. 339. *Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven Castle.* E. D. Leahy.—A sketch remarkable for spirit, and a fine glow of colour. The precipitancy of a stealthy flight is well expressed by the figures.

No. 347. *Changing Pasture.* H. Jutsum.—We have here a simple bit of landscape faithfully imitated. The artist has evidently looked closely at nature. The heavy thunder-clouds hanging below the lighter strata, and casting their shadow on the middle ground, prove this. The distinctive character of the trees, oak and willow, is ably conveyed, and their foliage is crisp and free.

No. 351. *A scene from the Merry Wives of Windsor.* W. P. Frith.—This composition will add materially to the value of this artist's name. The conception and embodiment of the characters is superior; the sentiment, what there is of it, natural. The grouping, drawing, and colour are equally worthy of commendation.

No. 359. *An old Mill near Winchester.* F. W. Watts.—Evidently painted at Constable. The subject is scattered and broken, and the foreground spotty and bad.

No. 357. *The Lady in the Robber's Cave—Gil Blas.* J. Gilbert.—The colour in this picture is dazzling, and the light is skilfully disposed. There is a touching and real expression of anguish in the countenance of the lady.

No. 367. *Naomi and her daughter-in-law.* H. O'Neill.—A masterly production, both as regards composition and sentiment. Not only in this, but in all his pictures, Mr. O'Neill proves that he possesses a fine eye for beauty of form, and happy powers of combination. His line is always picturesque; he is, however, not so perfect in colouring. These remarks equally apply to the companion picture, No. 389, *Hagar and Ishmael*, with the remark that the drawing here is incorrect—the neck of Hagar is sadly distorted.

No. 380. *Napoleon Musing at St. Helena.* B. R. Haydon. In this large picture the emperor is standing on the verge of a precipice overlooking the western main. A light streams up from the horizon through a stormy weeping sky, and over the dark ocean unbroken by a single object. The simplicity and breadth of its composition impart to this picture a grandeur of sentiment that at first sight is captivating, and would be so permanently but for the figure of the emperor, which is ill-drawn, outrageous in colour, and lamentably deficient in dignity.

No. 387. *A Siren.* T. M. Joy.—Another weak attempt to imitate Maclise. A heavier, worse-drawn, grosser figure than this we have rarely seen.

No. 410. *Finishing the Day's Sport*, and No. 413. *Morning on the Beach.* W. Shayer.—In these pictures the artist has been less successful

than he usually is. He is getting too purple in colour; his composition and finish are, however, as admirable as ever.

No. 408. *The Supper at Emmaus.* J. Linnell.—To this magnificent picture we invite especial attention: it is an impressive and masterly work. The entire conception is good, and the deep glow of twilight colour which fills the apartment, imparts great beauty to the objects within it. Lack of space only prevents our going further into the merits of this splendid production.

No. 424. *Water Mill.* J. Wilson, jun.—Landscapes painted like this one, a key or two below nature, we confess, have a charm in our eyes for which we are scarcely able to account. It is so, we find, with others. Who does not feel the beauty of Ruysdael? Yet such generally was the character of his works. The picture before us is full of rustic feeling, picturesque in composition, and of a delicious colouring.

No. 428. *Dorothea, a Marble Statue.* J. Bell.—A work of subduing grace and beauty. The subject was well adapted for sculpture, and the artist has been most felicitous in embodying it. A figure with more feminine delicacy and sweetness of expression has rarely appeared in modern days. This marble is incomparably superior to any other in the gallery.

New Publications.

A Series of Compositions from the Liturgy. By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. Nos. 4 and 5. London, Longman and Co.

THIS valuable contribution to severe art continues to fulfil the promise of its early numbers. Many of the groups here are singularly sculptural, and exhibit a command of form on the part of Mr. Bell, which cannot fail to place him at the summit of his profession, especially when directed by so liberal a turn of mind as he possesses. Extreme grace is the characteristic of all the designs in this work. "To Thee all angels cry aloud," is a group Canova might have envied. "O, go your way into His gates with thanksgiving," is a charming design, to which the eye returns again and again, ever finding in it new beauties. There is earnest attention in the attitudes of the listening figures in "granting us in this world knowledge of the truth." The child shrinking into his mother's lap is a very gem. "And hath given power and commandment to his ministers," is another kneeling group of great merit. There is power as well as poetry in "He hath shewed strength with his arm, &c." We repeat our hope that this series of outlines may be adopted for some of our new churches. It is a commendable spirit that has of late sought to revive the employment of high art in the service of religion.

FINE ARTS.—Mr. Bailey, the Royal Academician, has just completed a model for a statue, in marble, of Sir Charles Metcalfe, late Governor of Jamaica, to be erected opposite the Senate-house, in Spanish Town, in that island. The height is nine feet, and the costume a military one. The subscription raised is upwards of 3,000 guineas; but as this sum will be sufficient to cover the expenses of the statue and pedestal, a fresh subscription is in course of collection, in order to raise a classic temple over the figure. A bust in marble of Sir Charles has likewise been commissioned for Calcutta. The colossal statue in marble of Sir Astley Cooper is receiving its finish, and will be removed to its destination in St. Paul's in a few days. The site chosen is on the south side, between the monument of Sir John Moore, by Bacon, and General Gillespie, by Chantrey.

GOVERNMENT FEMALE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—It is stated that the wood-engraving branch of this school has been abandoned. On the re-opening of the school after the Christmas holidays, the teacher was dismissed and the pupils told they were to discontinue their studies. Some of the pupils are said to have made very flattering progress in the art.

CARTHAGINIAN BUST.—A bust of Parian marble in good preservation, and of excellent style as it is said, has recently been dug up at Cherchell, in Africa, supposed to be that of Ptolemy, son of the second Juba, and last King of Mauritania Tingitana, which is valuable as being unique. Cherchell is the ancient Cæsarea, the capital of that kingdom. The bust is a portrait of a man in the freshness of youth, with the royal fillet on his brow; and has a striking resemblance to the likeness on the coins of the Ptolemy in question. It is destined for the Royal Museum at Paris.—*Polytechnic Review.*

THE DRAMA.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

INDEFATIGABLE in the production of novelties, the spirited manager of this theatre has indulged the crowds who visit it with a series of attractions, all of which have proved successful. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley have been keeping their places on the boards, filling the house with good-humour night after night, and avoiding that too common error of theatres, the repetition of a favourite piece until the audience are nauseated. From the farcical situations of *Blasé*, and Mr. Keeley's inimitable personation of the horrors of *ennui*, we have been taken to the genuine nature of Mrs. Keeley's *Young Scamp*. The talents of this actress have seldom been more effectively displayed than in this lively piece, which is a translation of the very popular French *petite comédie* "*Le Gamin de Paris*." Mrs. Keeley threw herself heart and soul into the character; the deep feeling hidden beneath the rude, devil-may-care manner of the boy was brought out with masterly skill, and it was felt by the audience to be one of those touches of nature which "make the whole world kin," and rapturously applauded. Then there has been a new ballet got up with great liberality of expenditure, and distinguished by some Irish dances that appeared to give vast delight to the spectators. It was entitled *Leola; or, the May-day Bride*, founded upon a legend of the Lakes of Killarney, which fables that the spirits of the lake were wont on May-day to despatch the prettiest of their company to the earth for the purpose of winning the affections of some peasant youth, and leading him on the May-night to an untimely death in the lakes. The idea of the ballet is certainly taken from *Undine*, but the incidents are varied with a great deal of skill. The story is worked up so as to excite more interest than the tales told by ballets usually succeed in kindling; its fault was its length, but that was excused by the audience, who received the announcement of its repetition with vehement applause.

In opera there has been one novelty. Rossini's *Otello* has been produced in an English version, and, upon the whole, with success. The part of *Otello* was sustained by Allen, who went through it in much better style than was anticipated by those acquainted with his former efforts. He exhibited extraordinary energy throughout, erring rather upon the side of over-acting, as if conscious that his danger lay in over-tameness, and the effect of the whole was to raise him in estimation by proving that he has capacities far beyond those hitherto attributed to him. Madame Eugene Garcia was more uneven than usual, executing many parts very badly, and as many very well. Burdini's *Iago* was even, and performed with his invariable good taste. Again the audience expressed their approval by calling Allen and Garcia on the stage, and showering bouquets on the latter, who received them with much grace. While other theatres are falling, the Princess's is flourishing more and more, a proof of what may be accomplished by judicious and spirited management.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

The manager continues to ply the patrons of this favourite theatre with exciting novelties, within its peculiar provinces of melo-drama and travestie. We have not leisure just now to describe all the plots that have emanated from the teeming brains and facile pens of the dramatists who supply the stage with thrilling situations, but they certainly maintain its ancient reputation in this walk, and those who, like ourselves, love a bit of melodrama occasionally, and the more exciting the better, will make a point of visiting the Adelphi.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THEATRICALS ON THE CONTINENT.—A new tenor, M. Mengis, has appeared at the Opera Comique in Paris, as the Dauphin in *Charles VI.* At the "Italian," *Puritani* has been played for the benefit of Mario, and received with enthusiasm. Frederic Soulié has produced at the "Ambigu" a drama in five acts, called *Les Amans de Murcie*. It has been perfectly successful, and is said to resemble in some degree the story of *Romeo and Juliet*. At Florence a French singer has made a "hit" as Alamiro in *Belisario*. The opera of *Pascal Bruno*, by the English composer Mr. J. L. Hatton, has been highly success-

ful at Vienna, where it was played on the 2nd inst. for the benefit of Staudigl. At the conclusion Mr. Hatton was called for, and led on the stage by Staudigl and Lutzer. *Anna Bolena* has been performed with great success at Copenhagen.

It is now certain that Mons. Jean Baptiste Tolbecque, the distinguished *chef d'orchestre* of the balls at the court of the Tuilleries, who at various times received most pressing invitations from the leading members of the aristocracy to visit this country during the fashionable season, has obtained leave of absence to come to London, and will shortly arrive, accompanied by his talented brother, M. Julien Tolbecque, and other artists of Parisian celebrity.

The first dancer who possessed herself of European notoriety was La Camargo, whose portraits, at the close of a century, are still popular in France, where she has been made the heroine of several recent dramas. To her reign succeeded that of the Gruiards and Dathés, in honour of whose bright eyes a variety of noblemen saw the inside both of fort St. Evéque and St. Pelagie, the opera being at that time a fertile source of *lettres de cachet*. To obtain admittance to the private theatricals of the former dancer in her magnificent hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, the ladies of fashion and of the court had recourse to the meanest artifices; while the latter has obtained historical renown by having excited the jealousy, or rather envy, of Marie Antoinette. Mademoiselle Dathé appeared at the fêtes of Long Champs, in the Bois de Boulogne, in a gorgeous chariot drawn by six milk white steeds, with red morocco harness, richly ornamented with cut steel, and thus accomplished the object of incurring the resentment of the court from the prodigality of one of whose married princes these splendours were supposed to emanate—splendours exceeding those of the Rhodopes of old.—(From an amusing paper in *Blackwood* for March.)

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE THREE REALMS.

There are three realms in Time's vast space,
And there are monarchs three;
Who, each in his appointed place,
Hold changeless sov'ign reign.

The Future is a shadowy land,
Where Hope has rear'd her throne;
Still forward points her glittering band,
And waves her followers on.

And on they press, with filelets bound—
Sceptics of death and sorrow;
Whilst mocking laughter echoes round,
And we leads on the morrow!

The Present is a dreary waste,
Where Disappointment reigns;
Around full many a tomb is plac'd,
O'erhung with broken chains;

Tombs of dead joys—links rudely rent—
Long clung to—mouldering now—
The cold and fitting monument
Of that which sleeps below!

And there are flow'rs, which, seen from far,
Look bright, whose bloom is o'er;
And summer fruits of semblance rare,
But canker'd at the core.

The Past is Memory's heritage—
A silent realm and lone;
For few dwell there, save those whom age
Or sorrow calls its own.

The young and happy wander not
Beneath its sombre shade;
They love to seek some sunny spot,
Where fancy's bow'r is made.

But youth flies by—and storms arise,
And threat'ning clouds o'ercrest
The beauty of life's summer skies—
Then turn we to the Past;

For there soft shadows glide along,
Fair shapes that lure the eye,
Whilst the wild tones of ancient song,
Dream-like, come floating by;

And mystic beings throng the air,
In old days fondly cherish'd—
Hopes chas'd away by dull Despair,
And good resolves—that perish'd!

THE LATE MR. LOUDON.—Desirous of forwarding to the utmost of our power every movement on the part of the public to do justice, however tardily, to the merits of those who spend their lives in intellectual pursuits, we copy the following letter from the *Athenæum* of March 23, with reference to that most persevering and useful writer, Mr. Loudon:—
“A paragraph having appeared in several of the newspapers stating that above 1,000*l.* has been subscribed for poor Mr. Loudon's books since his much lamented death, many of our friends have supposed that Mr. Loudon's family are now free from all pecuniary difficulties. This, however, is far from being the case; for though it is quite true that the large sum alluded to has been collected (and the greater part of it in the short space of six weeks), yet more than half the original debt is still owing, and till the whole of it is paid, Mr. Loudon's family cannot derive the slightest benefit from his copyrights. I am anxious

that this should be known, in order that our friends may be aware of the important service they will do us by ordering copies of poor Mr. Loudon's *Arboretum*, or any of the other works which were his own property; and I cannot conclude without expressing my warmest gratitude for the kindness we have already experienced. It is indeed only when we are in trouble that we find how much real goodness there is in the world.

“I remain, &c.

“J. W. LOUDON.”

“Bayswater. March 20, 1844.”

LITERATURE IN THE PACIFIC.—The Sandwich Islands can now boast of a press of their own. An American missionary has established a newspaper, which is published weekly, and has a circulation of about 300. The annual subscription is about 6*½**d.* It contains political and religious dissertations as well as the ordinary topics of a newspaper.

BIBLIOMANIA.—The sale of books at Mr. Fletcher's Rooms, which lasted seven days, has concluded. The collection comprised some very curious articles in every class of literature, particularly theology, and mostly brought high prices. One day's sale consisted almost entirely of topographical works and county histories. A copy of Thornton's *Antiquities of Nottinghamshire*, having the rare slip, and bound in morocco by Roger Payne, was knocked down for the astounding price of 38 guineas. From another day's sale we extract the following:—Lot 2039. Arnold's *Chronicle*, first edition, 1521, 17*l.* 5*s.* (Thorpe). Lot 2,038. Grafton's *Chronicle*, 1569, 4*l.* (Pickering). Lot 2,028. *Bibliothèque Régie Catalogus*, 5 vols., 13*l.* 13*s.* (Murray). Lot 2,026. *Carte's Life of Ormonde*, 3 vols., large paper, 7*l.* 7*s.* Lot 2,015. Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*, 8 vols. large paper, 41*l.* (Weale). Lot 2,016. Dugdale's *St. Paul's*, original edition, very fine copy, 2*l.* 15*s.* (M'Gregor). Lot 2,018. *Celsus de Medicina*, editio princeps, 1478, 2*l.* 19*s.* (H. Bohn). Lot 1,966. *Cicero's Epistole*, 1471, from Branc's Library, 2*l.* 11*s.* (Lilly). Lot 1,968. *Certamen Seraphicum*, 3*l.* (Thorpe). Lot 1,965. *Livius Drakeborchii*, 7 vols. large paper, 11*l.* 11*s.* (Keene). Several of Hearne's publications illustrative of British history and antiquities, 60 vols.; the various works contained in this series were sold separately; they realized about 65 guineas, and were mostly purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss, and Mr. Thorpe.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.—We rejoice to announce the most important discovery which has probably ever yet been made in the records and literature of ancient Egypt. Every reader is acquainted with the history of the celebrated Rosetta Stone, and the happy surmise of Dr. Young, that the trilingual inscriptions on that interesting monument were three versions of the same subject. Following out this idea, mutilated as all the Egyptian part of the stone is, he found that what remained and could be deciphered was identical with the Greek text. Hence our grand key to the translation of the hieroglyphic characters and hieratic writings found among the relics of Egypt, on rocks, on the walls of buildings of every kind, on mummy cases, and on papyri; and it is evident that whatever could extend or add to this key must be of the utmost value. It was interpreted that the Rosetta inscription had also been set up in other temples; and the learned expressed a hope that in the course of time one or more of them might reward the research of zealous antiquaries. That hope has been fulfilled. Dr. Lepsius has discovered another copy of the Rosetta inscription at Meroe. The hieroglyphic portion is unusually perfect, and so, we are informed, is the other Egyptian writing. Now, then, the three legends may be compared throughout; and we hesitate not to say that this is likely to create a great revolution, by a vast accession to our means of knowledge, in the literature and history of the country so truly called the cradle of mankind. It is a gratifying circumstance that the noble expedition of the King of Prussia should have met with this return. Copies of the inscription have, we understand, been made for Berlin; but the main fact was communicated by letter to his Excellency Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister in London. We believe that Dr. Lepsius is directed completely to explore all this upper division of the country, and will not revisit Cairo till that is accomplished, probably about April. After some repose the expedition will proceed to Syria, to examine the Egyptian inscriptions there; and, from what has already transpired, there can be no doubt but that an extraordinary new light will be thrown over the old world by this royally liberal, auspicious, and fortunate effort.—*Literary Gazette.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—We find the following in the *Sentinelle* of Marseilles. This is the age of inventions. We learn that M. Daniel Borne, a navigator, 23 years of age, has recently invented a warlike machine of such powerful effect, that defended by it towns can no longer be carried by assault. This machine, truly infernal, of which gunpowder forms no part of its composition, would, it is said, be capable of destroying by an explosion without noise all the enemy's troops at a distance of 1,000 yards

from the town to be attacked. If this be a fact, the great Archimedes, whose inventive genius so long contended at the siege of Syracuse against a Roman army, would have been a mere infant in comparison with M. Borne. This young man has written to the Minister of War, requesting to be authorized to make an experiment with this prodigious invention.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.—The works within the enclosure of Trafalgar-square are proceeding rapidly towards completion. Mr. Barry, the architect, having devoted much of his time of late for the purpose of causing the whole to be thrown open to the public during the summer months. The Artesian well is likewise fast advancing, the bore having been already sunk a considerable depth. The basins of the fountains will be 83 feet in diameter, and are to be covered with Maud's patent Portland cement, which has been found to resist the action of the atmosphere and of water as long as most descriptions of stone, while it possesses and retains the colour of that material. The pavement of the inner court of the quadrangle is to be laid out in a somewhat tessellated style, the darker parts being composed of asphalt, and relieved by the introduction of ornamental work in the Portland cement. The whole space to be covered is about 18,000 feet.

A YANKEE DIAMOND.—“I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day,” said a true specimen of the Yankee Pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant, in Main-street. “I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot,” was the sneering reply. “Wal, I guess you need not get huffy about it. Now, here's a dozen real genuine razor-strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em for two dollars.” “I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going.” “Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars, if you make me an offer for them ere strops, we'd have a trade yet.” “Done!” replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum, when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops. “They're yours,” said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. “But,” he added, with great apparent honesty, “I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops I'll trade them back.” The merchant's countenance brightened. “You're not so bad a chap after all; here are the strops, give me the money.” “There it is,” said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. “A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do a little better than buy razor strops.” And away walked the Pedlar, with his strops and his wagger, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.—*St. Louis Ariel.*

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